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Come o'er the sea.

AIR—"CUISHLIN MA CHREE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegretto.

1. Come o'er the sea, Maid-en, with me
2. Was not the sea Made for the free,

PIANO. *f* *p* *leggiero.*

Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, where-
Land for courts and chains a-lone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves Love and Li-ber-ty's

-e'er it goes. Let fortune frown, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not. Then
all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for-got, and all hea-ven around us—Then

rall. *tempo.* *colla voce.*

come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Come wher-e-ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,
come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

p

But the true soul Burns the same, wher-e'er it goes.
But the true soul Burns the same, wher-e'er it goes.

Go where glory waits thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"MAID OF THE VALLEY."

Andante.

PIANO.

mf *dim.* *pp*

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee, But while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - mem - ber me.
2. When, at eve, thou ro - vest, By the star thou lo - vest, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

f *p*

When the praise thou meetest, To thine ear is sweet-est, Oh! then re-mem-ber me...
Think, when home re - turning, Bright we've seen it burning, Oh! then re-mem-ber me...

mf *p* *cresc.*

O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be;
Oft as sum - mer clo - ses, When thine eye re - po - ses On its lin - g'ring ro - ses, Once so lov'd by thee,

mf *p* *colla voce.* *riten.*

But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber
Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them, Oh! then re - mem - ber

p *pp*

me.
me.

3. When, a-round thee dy-ing, Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing,

pp

Oh! then re-mem-ber me. And, at night, when ga-zing On the gay hearth bla-zing,

mf

Oh! still re-mem-ber me. Then should mu-sic, steal-ing All the soul of feel-ing,

p *cresc. mf* *p*

riten.

To thy heart ap-peal-ing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem-ry bring thee,

p *colla voce.* *p*

Strains I us'd to sing thee,—Oh! then re-mem-ber me....

pp

The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"GRAMACHREE."

Andante.

1. The

con espressione.

p

PIANO.

harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed; Now hangs as mute on

p

Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled, So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So

mf

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

cresc. *f* *p*

feel that pulse no more..... 2. No

cresc. *f* *p*

more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells: The chord a - lone, that

breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes The

on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks; To

cresc. *f*

shew that still she lives.....

sf *f* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND."

Andantino.

PIANO. *p* *pp*

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

pp

gaze on so fond - ly to - day,..... Were to change by to - mor - row, and
cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a tear,..... That the fer - vour and faith of a

simili.

fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fa - ding a - way,..... Thou would'st
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear;..... No, the

still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

will,..... And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en -
close,..... As the sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same

- twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.....
look which she turn'd when he rose.....

dim. *p*

Eveleen's bower.

THOMAS MOORE.

Piano. *Plaintively.*

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It features a plaintive melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

1. Oh! weep for the hour When to E - ve - leen's bow'r The
3. The white snow lay On the nar - row path - way When the

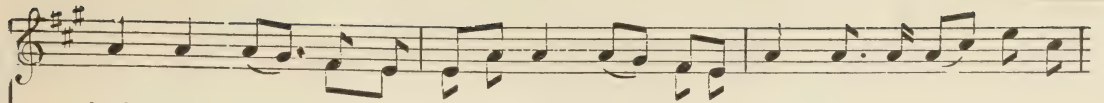
The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment pattern as the introduction, marked *p* (piano). The vocal line enters with the first line of the verse.

Lord of the Val-ley with false vows came The moon hid her light From the
Lord of the Val-ley cross'd o - ver the moor, And ma - ny a deep print On the

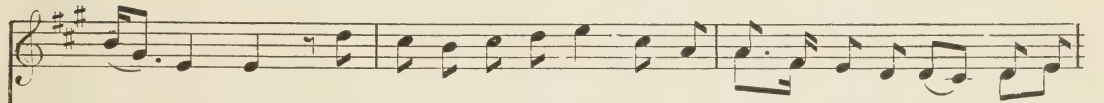
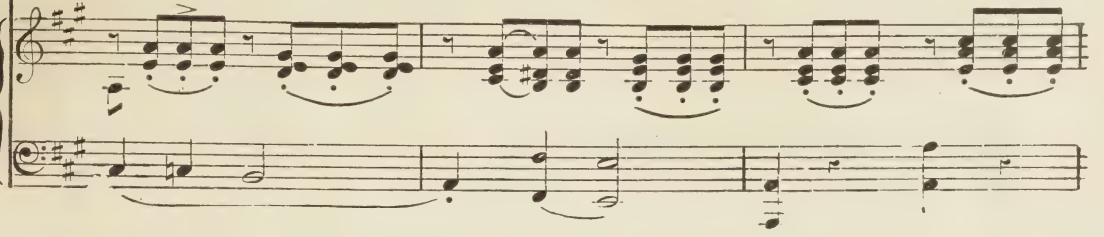
The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part remains consistent with the previous system. The vocal line continues with the second line of the verse.

hea - vens that night, And wept be - hind the clouds o'er the maid - en's shame. 2. The
white snow's tint Show'd the track of his foot-step to E - ve - leen's door. 4. The

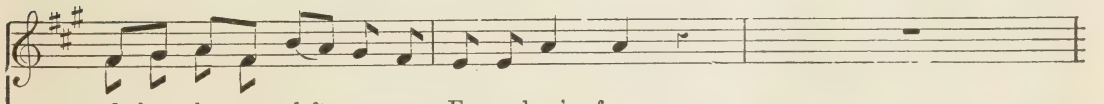
The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment pattern. The vocal line concludes with the third line of the verse.



clouds pass'd soon From the chaste cold moon, And heav'n smil'd a - gain with her
next sun's ray Soon melt-ed a - way Ev'-ry trace on the path where the



ves - tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a - way Which that
false Lord came; But there's a light a - bove, Which a - lone can re - move That



dark hour left up - on E - ve-leen's fame.
stain up - on the snow of fair E - ve-leen's fame.



Oh! breathe not his name.

AIR. -- "THE BROWN MAID."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it
2. But the night-dew that falls, though in

PIANO. *p e molto legato.* *p*

sleep in the shade Where cold and un-hon-our'd his re-lics are laid; Sad,
si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the grave where he sleeps; And the

pp

si-lent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the
tear that we shed, though in se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o-ry

p

grass o'er his head.
green in our souls.

mf *p*

Forget not the field.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHHRIM."

Andante.

PIANO,

1. For -
2. Oh!

- get not the field where.. they per-ish'd, The tru - est, the last of... the
could we from death but.... re - cov - er Those hearts as they bound - ed.... be -

brave, All gone—and the bright hope we cher-ish'd Gone with them, and
- fore, In the face of high heav'n to fight o - ver That com - bat for

quench'd in their grave!
free - dom once more ;—

mf *dim.*

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which tyranny flung round us then,
No! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurs'd is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

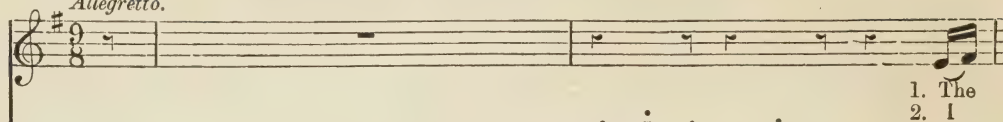
Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!


The valley lay smiling before me.

THOMAS MOORE.

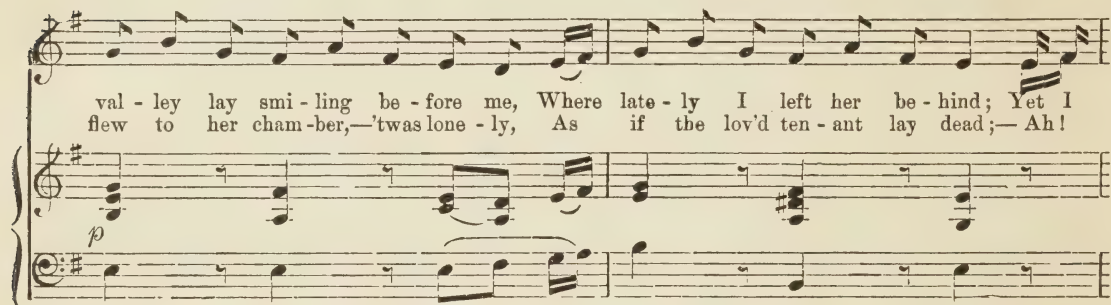
AIR—"THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW."

Allegretto.

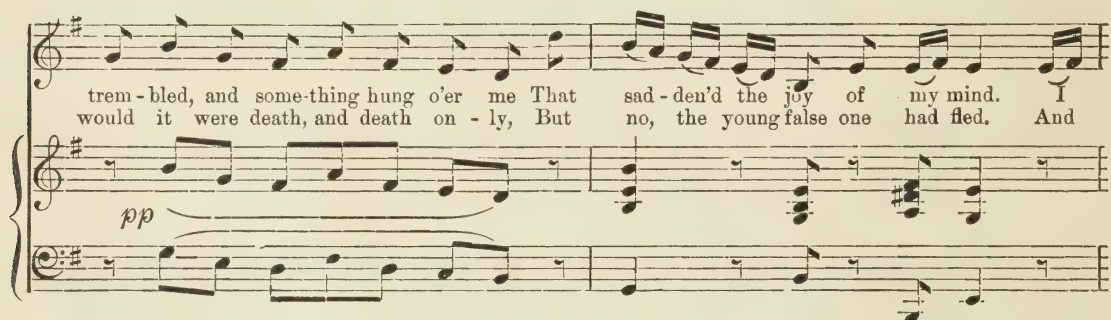
VOICE. 

PIANO. 


val - ley lay smi - ling be - fore me, Where late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I
flew to her cham - ber, — 'twas lone - ly, As if the lov'd ten - ant lay dead; — Ah!



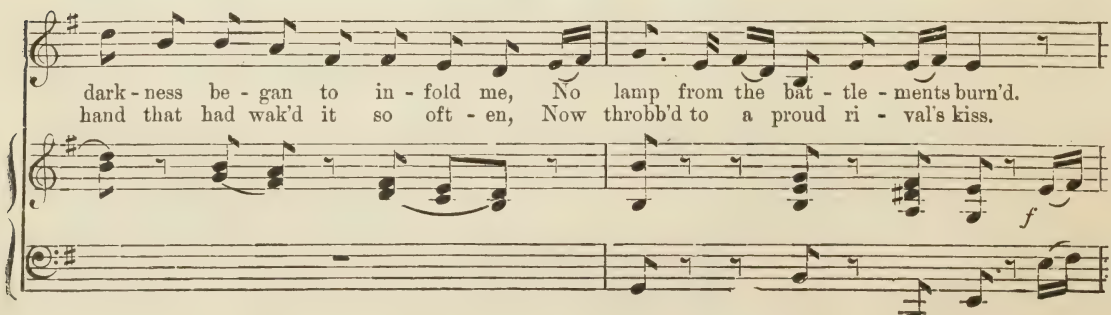
trem - bled, and some - thing hung o'er me That sad - den'd the joy of my mind. I
would it were death, and death on - ly, But no, the young false one had fled. And



look'd for the lamp which she told me, Should shine, when her Pil - grim re - turn'd; But, tho'
there hung the lute that could soft - en My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the



dark - ness be - gan to in - fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.
hand that had wak'd it so oft - en, Now throbb'd to a proud ri - val's kiss.



3. There *was* a time, fals-est of wo-men! When
 4. Al - rea-dy the curse is up-on her, And

Breff-ni's good sword would have sought That man, thro' a mil-lion of foe-men, Who
 stran-gers her val-leys pro-fane; They come to di-vide—to dis-hon-our, And

dar'd but to wrong thee in *thought*! While now—oh de-gen-er-ate daugh-ter Of
 ty-rants they long will re-main. But on-ward! the green ban-ner rear-ing, Go,

E-rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And thro' a-ges of bond-age and slaugh-ter, Our
 flesh ev'-ry sword to the hilt; On *our* side is Vir-tue and E-rin, On

coun-try shall bleed for thy shame.
theirs is the Sax-on and Guilt.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour.

Air—"MOLL ROONE"

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

1. Fare-well! but when-e-ver you
2. And still on that evening, when

PIANO. *mf* *pp* *p*

wel-come the hour That a - wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then
plea-sure fills up To the high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher -

think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be
- e'er my path lies, be it gloo - my or bright, My soul, hap - py friends, shall be with

hap - py with you, His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main, Of the
you that night; Shall join in your re - vels, your sports, and your wiles. And re -

mf

few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain. But he ne'er will for - get the short
- turn to me, beam-ing all o'er with your smiles, Too blest, if it tells me that

ad lib. *tempo.*

colla voce. *p*

vi - sion that threw Its en - chant-ment a - round him while lin - g'ring with you.
'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had mur-mur'd, "I wish he were here!"

pp *cresc.*

mf *p*

3.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Silent, oh Moyle.

AIR.—"ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante ma non troppo.

PIANO.

Si - lent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy wa-ter, Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose, While,

mur-mur-ing mournful-ly, Lir's lone-ly daughter Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note sing-ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd?

When will heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi - rit from this storm-y world?

Sad - ly, oh Moyle, to thy

p *pp*

win - ter - wave weeping, Fate bids me languish long a - ges a - way; Yet still in her darkness doth

sempre pp

E - rin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its dawning de - lay. When will that day - star, mildly springing,

Warm our isle with peace and love? When will heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spi - rit to the

ad lib. *colla voce.*

fields a - bove?

p *dim.*

The Minstrel-boy.

AIR.—"THE MOREEN."

THOMAS MOORE.

With spirit.

PIANO.

f *p*

The

Min - strel - boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His

f

fa - ther's sword he has gir - ded on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.

dim.

f

"Land of song!" said the war - rior-bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One

f *p*

sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"

The Min-strel fell! but the

f *p* *pp*

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *pp*.

foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er".

spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And said, "No chains shall

f *cresc.*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And said, 'No chains shall". The piano part includes a *cresc.* marking.

sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy songs were made for the

cresc.

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy songs were made for the". The piano part includes a *cresc.* marking.

pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in sla - ve - ry!"

f *p*

This system contains the fifth line of music. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in sla - ve - ry!". The piano part includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*.

Let Erin remember the days of old.

AIR.—"THE RED FOX"

THOMAS MOORE.

In moderate time.

Piano.

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *mf*

Let E-rin remem-ber the

days of old, Ere her faith-less sons be-tray'd her; When Ma-la-chi wore the col-lar of gold, Which he

won from her proud in - va - der; When her kings, with stan-dard of green un - furl'd, Led the

sf *sf*

Red-Branch knights to dan-ger; Ere the em'-rald gem of the west-ern world Was set in the crown of a

f

stran - ger. 2. On

Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of

o - ther days In the wave be neath him shin - ing; Thus shall mem - ry of - ten, in dreams sub - lime, Catch a

glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus sighing, look thro' the waves of time For the long fad - ed glo - ries they

co - ver.

The last Rose of Summer.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

p *dim.*

1. 'Tis the

last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone;... All her

pp

love - ly com - pan-ions Are fa - ded and gone;.. No

pp

ad lib.

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh,..... To re -

cresc. *colla voce.* *pp*

- fleet back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh...

2. I'll not leave thee, thou
3. So soon may I

dim. *pp*

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The music features a melodic line in the voice and a more complex, arpeggiated accompaniment in the piano.

lone one, To pine..... on the stem;... Since the love - ly are
fol - low, When friend - ship's de - cay,... And from Love's shi - ning

This system contains the next three staves. The lyrics continue across the vocal line. The piano accompaniment maintains its arpeggiated texture.

sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with them.... Thus kind - ly I
cir - cle The gems drop a - way!.... When true hearts lie

cresc.

This system contains the next three staves. The lyrics continue. The piano accompaniment shows a slight increase in volume, indicated by the *cresc.* marking.

scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed..... Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie
with - er'd, And fond ones are flown,..... Oh! who would in - ha - bit This

ad lib.
colla voce. *pp*

This system contains the next three staves. The lyrics continue. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* (pianissimo) marking and a *colla voce.* instruction, suggesting a change in texture or dynamics.

scent - less and dead.
bleak world a - lone ?

dim.

This system contains the final three staves of the piece. The lyrics conclude with the final line. The piano accompaniment ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

Oh, for the swords of former time!

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—UNKNOWN

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.



1. Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When
 2. Oh, for the Kings who flour - ish'd then! Oh, for the pomp that crown'd them, When

mf

arm'd for Right, they stood su - blime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When
 hearts and hands of free - born men, Were all the ram - parts round them! When

free yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ours to en - slave him, The
 safe built on bo - soms true, The throne was but the cen - tre, Round

ten.

best hon - ours worn by man, Were those which vir - tue gave him
which, love a cir - cle drew That trea - son durst not en - ter.

Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When
Oh, for the Kings who flour-ish'd then! Oh, for the pomp that crown'd them, When

ad lib.
arm'd for Right they stood su - blime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them!
hearts and hands of free - born men Were all the ram - parts round them!

f con spirito.

As slow our ship.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

Allegretto.

1. As slow our ship hei
2. When, round the bowl, of

tr

PIANO. *p*

foam - ing track A - gainst the wind was cleav - ing, Her trem - bling pen - nant
van - ish'd years We talk, with joy - ous seem - ing, With smiles that might as

still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing:—So loath we part from all we love, From
well be tears, So faint, so sad their beam - ing, While mem'ry brings us back a - gain Each

all the links that bind us; So turn our hearts, where'er we rove, To those we've left be -
ear - ly tie that twin'd us; Oh, sweet's the cup that cir - cles then To those we've left be -

- hind us.
- hind us.

3. And when in o - ther
4. As trav'ller's oft look

climes we meet Some isle, or vale en - chant - ing, Where all looks flow - 'ry,
back at eve, When east-ward dark - ly go - ing, To gaze up - on that

wild. and sweet, And nought but love is want - ing; We think how great had been our bliss, If
light they leave Still faint be - hind them glow - ing, So, when the close of plea sure's day To

heav'n had but as - sign'd us To live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left be -
gloom hath near con - sign'd us, We turn to catch one fa - ding ray Of joy that's left be -

hind us.
hind us.

Night closed around the conqueror's way.

AIR.—"THY FAIR BOSOM."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con energia.

PIANO.

Night

clos'd a-round... the con-queror's way,.. And light-nings show'd the dis-tant hill. Where

those who lost.... that dread-ful day... stood few and faint,.. but fear-less still. The sol-dier's

hope, The pat-riot's zeal,.. For e-ver dimm'd, for ev-er crost— Oh! who shall say... what

ad lib.

he-roes feel, When all but life.. and honour's lost?

colla voce.

f sf sf

The last sad hour.. of freedom's dream, And valour's task mov'd

slow - ly by, While mute they watch'd.... till morning's beam Should rise and give.. them

light to die. There's yet a world where souls are free,.. Where ty-rants taint not nature's bliss; If

death that world's... bright op'n-ing be,... Oh! who would live... a slave in this?

When he, who adores thee.

AIR.—"THE FOX'S SLEEP."

THOMAS MOORE.

Con espressione.

1. When
2. With

PIANO. *f sf p*

he, who a - dore thee, has left but the name, Of his
thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - ry

pp

fault and his sor - rows be - hind, Oh!
thought of my rea - son was thine; In my

say, wilt thou weep, when they dar - ken the fame Of a
last hum - ble pray'r to the spi - rit a - bove, Thy

life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes, weep, and how-ev-er my
name, shall be min - gled with mine. Oh! blest are the lov-ers and

p

foes may con - demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de -
friends who shall live, The days of thy glo - ry to

- cree; For Heav'n can wit - ness, though guil - ty to them, I have
see; But the next dear-est bless-ing that Hea - ven can give, Is the

sf sf p

ad lib.
been but too faith - ful to thee.
pride of thus dy - ing for thee.

colla voce. p

Sublime was the warning.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE BLACK JOKE."

PIANO. *Con spirito*

con espressione.

1. Sub -
2. If the

- lime was the warn - ing that Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the mo - ment when
fame of our fa - thers, be - queath'd with their rights, Give to coun - try its charm, and to

Spaniards a - woke In - to life and re - venge from the con - quer - or's chain. Oh!
home its de - lights, If de - ceit be a wound, and sus - pi - cion a stain, Then, ye

Li - ber - ty! let not this spi - rit have rest, Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the
men of I - be - ria, our cause is the same. And oh! may his tomb want a

waves of the west; Give the light of your look to each sor - row - ing spot, Nor,
tear and a name, Who would ask for a no - bler, a ho - li - er death, Than to

poco rall.
oh, be the Sham - rock of E - rin for - got, While you add to your gar - land the
turn his last sigh in - to vic - to - ry's breath, For the Sham - rock of E - rin and
colla voce.

O - live of Spain!
O - live of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie:
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me.

THOMAS MOORE

AIR.—"THE ROSE TREE."

Andante con moto.

1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If
2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

thy smiles had left me too; I'd weep when friends de - ceive me, If
fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis not in joy to charm me, Un -

thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No
- less joy be shared with thee. One minute's dream about thee Were worth a long, and end-less year, Of

clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light,
wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

mf *p* *mf*

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam!—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt;
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds

The Irish Exile.

Old Melody.

Andante con espressione.

dolce.

PIANO. *p*

1. Oh! where has the ex-ile his
2. Oh! when will the ex-ile re -

home? Oh! where has the ex-ile his home? Where the moun-tain is steep, Where the
turn? Oh! when will the ex-ile re - turn? When our hearts heave no sigh, When our

val-ley is deep, Where the waves of the O - hi - o foam; Where no cheering smile, His
tears shall be dry, When E - rin no long-er shall mourn; When his name we dis-own, When his

p

woes may beguile, Oh! there has the ex-ile his home....
mem'-ry is gone, Oh! then will the ex-ile re - turn.....

p

Oh! the Shamrock!

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"ALLEY CROKER."

Tempo moderato.

PIANO.

mf

1. Thro' E - rin's isle, To sport a - while, As
2. Says Va - lour, "See, They spring for me, Those

p

Love and Va - lour wan - der'd, With Wit, the sprite, Whose qui - ver bright, A
lea - fy gems of morn - ing!" Says Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My

thou - sand ar - rows squand - er'd; Wher - e'er they pass, A tri - ple grass, Shoots
fra - grant path a - dorn - ing." But Wit per - ceives The tri - ple leaves, And

up, with dew-drops stream-ing, As soft-ly green, As em'-rald seen, Thro'
cries, "Oh! do not se-ver A type that blends, Three god-like friends, Love

p

pur-est crys-tal gleam-ing. } Oh! the Sham-rock, the
Va-lour, Wit, for e-ver!"

p *f*

green, im-mor-tal Sham-rock! cho-sen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old

E-rin's na-tive Sham-rock!

mf

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
(*) the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock'

Avenging and bright.

AIR.—"CROOGHAN A VENEE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f ben marcato.

sf sf sf sf sf

1. A -
2. By the

- veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On him who the
red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When U - lad's three

f

brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For ev' - ry fond eye he hath
cham-pions lay sleep - ing in gore— By the bil - lows of war, which so

p

wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
oft - en, high swell - ing, Have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's

riten.

cresc.

blade!..
shore...

3. We
4. Yes,

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tas - ted, The harp shall be
mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

f *p*

si - lent, the mai - den un - wed, Our halls shall be mute and our
tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend-ships, our

sempre p

fields shall lie wast - ed, 'Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's
hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of

riten.
cresc. *f*

head!...
all!....

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

When in death I shall calm recline.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.— "THE LEGACY"

Tempo Moderato.

PIANO.

p

When in death I shall

calm re - cline, O bear my heart to my mis-tress dear; Tell her it liv'd up - on

smiles and wine Of the bright - est hue, while it lili - ger'd here. Bid her not shed one

p

tear of sor-row, To sul - ly a heart so bril-liant and light; But balm - y drops of the

red grape bor-row, To bathe the re - lic from morn till night.

mf

2. When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your
 3. Keep this cup, which is now o'er-flow-ing, To grace your re - vel when

p *dim.* *p*

an - cient hall; Hang it up at that friend - ly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers
 I'm at rest; Ne - ver, oh! ne - ver its balm be - stow - ing On lips that beau - ty hath

love to call. Then if some bard, who roams for - sa - ken, Re - vive its soft note in
 sel - dom blest. But when some warm de - vot - ed lo - ver To her he a - dores shall

p

passing a - long, Oh! let one thought of its mas - ter wa - ken Your warm - est smile for the
 bathe its brim, Then, then my spi - rit a - round shall ho - ver, And hal - low each drop that

child of song.
 foams for him.

mf *p* *dim.*

Nay, tell me not.

AIR.—“DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

THOMAS MOORE.

Con spirito.

1. Nay,
2. They

PIANO.

tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -
tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush - ro - ses, of birth di - vine; He

p

- lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
sprink - led the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But bath'd the o - ther with mant - ling wine.

Ne'er hath a beam been lost in the stream That e - ver was shed from thy form or soul; The
Soon did the buds That drank of the floods, Dis - till'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the sur-face, and hal-low my bowl, } Then
those which the tide Of ru-by had dy'd, All blush'd in - to beau-ty, like thee, sweet maid! }

This system contains the first four measures of the song. It features a vocal line with eighth and sixteenth notes, a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines, and a bass line with sustained notes and some movement.

fan-cy not, dear-est, that wine can steal One bliss-ful dream of the heart from me; Like

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and melodic fragments. The bass line remains mostly sustained with occasional movement.

founts that a-wak-en the pil-grim's zeal, The bowl but bright-ens my love for thee.

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line concludes the phrase with a final note. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue their respective parts, with the piano part showing some more active movement in the later measures.

This system contains measures 13 through 16. The vocal line is mostly rests, indicating a pause or the end of the vocal part for this system. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue, with the piano part featuring some chords and the bass line showing more active movement, including a final flourish marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

We may roam thro' this world.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“GARRYOWEN.”

Allegretto.

1. We may
2. In

PIANO.

roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, And then flies to the rest; And, when Eng-land the gar-den of Beau-ty, is kept By a dra-gon of pru-de-ry plac'd within call; But so

plea-sure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings, and be off to the west; But if oft this un-a-mi-able dra-gon has slept, That the garden's but care-less-ly watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile Are the dear-est gifts that Heav'n sup-plies, We want the wild sweet-brie-ry fence Which round the flow'rs of E-rin dwells; Which

p e leggiero.

ad lib. *Tempo con anima.*

ne-ver need leave our own Green Isle, For sen-si-tive hearts and for sun-bright eyes. {Then re-warns the touch while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re-pels.}

colla voce.

member, whenev-er your gob-let is crown'd, Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam, When a

cup to the smile of dear wo-man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile that a-

- dorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar.
 Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, &c.

How oft has the Benshee cried!

THOMAS MOORE

AIR.—"THE DEAR BLACK MAID."

Andante

PIANO.

1. How oft has the
2. We're fall'n up - on

cresc.

Ben - shee cried! How oft has death un - tied Bright links that glo - ry wove,
gloom - y days! Star af - ter star de - cays, Ev - 'ry bright name that shed

cresc. *dim.*

p

Sweet bonds en - twin'd by love! Peace to each man - ly soul that sleep-eth, Rest to each
Light o'er the land is fled! Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth, Lost joy, or

pp

rall. un poco.

faith - ful eye that weep - eth: Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the
hope that ne'er re - turn - eth: But bright - ly flows the tear, Wept o'er the

he - ro's grave!
he - ro's bier.

3. Quench'd are our

bea - con lights, Thou, of the Hun - dred Fights! Thou, on whose burn - ing tongua

cresc.

dim.

Truth, peace, and free - dom hung! Both mute, but long as va-lour shin-eth, Or mer - cy's

p

pp

soul at war re - pin-eth, So long shall E - rin's pride Tell how they

rall. un poco.

liv'd, and died.

p

Erin! the tear and the smile.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“AILEEN AROON.”

Andante con espress.

1. E - rin! the tear and the
2. E - rin! thy si - lent tear

PIANO. *p* *p* *pp*

smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy
nev - er shall cease, E - rin! thy lan - guid smile ne'er shall in

skies! Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad-d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam,
- cease, Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

mf *p*

Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam Weep while they rise!
And form in Hea - ven's sight One arch of peace!

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

I saw from the Beach.

Arr.—“MISS MOLLY.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Tempo moderato.

1. I saw from the beach, when the
2. And such is the fate of our

PIANO. *mf* *p* *p legato.*

morning was shining, A bark o'er the waters move glo-riously on; I came when the sun o'er that
life's early promise, So pass-ing the spring-tide of joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at

ritardà un poco.

beach was de-clin-ing, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone, I came when the sun o'er the
morning, ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a-lone, Each wave that we danc'd on at

ad lib.

beach was declin-ing, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.
morning ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

colla voce. *cres.* *p*

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morn-
ing,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exqu^{isite} flame!

When first I met thee.

AIR.—"O, PATRICK, FLY FROM ME."

THOMAS MOORE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. When
2. When

first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And
ev - 'ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled the un - wel - come sto - ry; Or

on thy lips such pro - mise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I
found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleams of fu - ture glo - ry. I

saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fon - der, And
still was true, when near - er friends Con - spired to wrong, to slight thee; The

thought, though false to all be - side, From me thou could'st not wan - der.
heart that now thy false - hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee.

f
But go, de - ceiv - er! go, — The heart, whose hopes could make it
But go, de - ceiv - er! go, — Some day, per - haps, thou'lt wa - ken

ad lib.
Trust one so false, so low, De - serves that thou should'st break it.
From plea - sure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for - sa - ken.
colla voce.

p

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter, scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go — go — tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever;
On her, who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go — go — 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

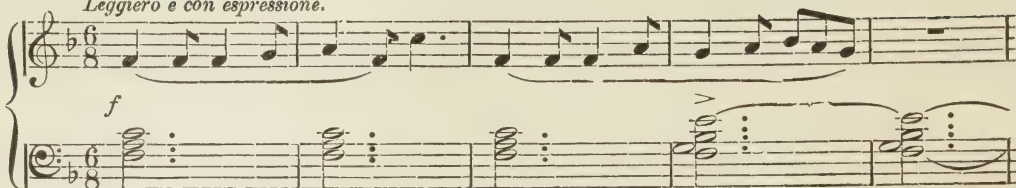
Lesbia hath a beaming eye.

AIR.—"NORA CREINA."

THOMAS MOORE.

Leggero e con espressione.

PIANO.



1. Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for
 2. Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the

whom it beameth; Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at, no one dreameth.
 nymph hath lac'd it, Not a charm of beau-ty's mould Pre - sume's no stay where na - ture plac'd it.

ad lib.

tempo.

Sweet - er 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ri - ses; Few its looks, but
 Oh, my No - ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev' - ry

ad lib.

tempo.

ev' - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pri - ses. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My
beau - ty free To sink or swell as Hea - ven plea - ses. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My

colla voce.

gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In ma - ny eyes, But love in yours, my
sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li - ness—The dress *you* wear, my

No - ra Crei - na!

No - ra Crei - na!

p *colla voce.*

f

p

rall. un poco.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us.
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creine
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin,

AIR.—“COULIN.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin
 2. To the gloom of some de - sert, with or

sor - row... I see,..... Yet, where - e - - ver thou
cold rock - y shore,... Where the eye..... of the

art shall seem E - rin to me; In
stran - ger can haunt... us no more, I will

pp

ex - ile with thy bo - som shall still be..... my
4y with my Cou - lin, and think the..... rough

home, And thine eyes..... make my cli - mate where -
wind Less rude..... than the foes we leave

ev - er we roam.
frown - ing be - hind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin*, or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us, also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

Drink to her.

AIR.—“HEIGH-HO, MY JACKY.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *p*

f *>*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics range from piano (p) to forte (f) with an accent (>).

Drink to her who long Hath

p e leggero.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo and mood are marked 'p e leggero'. The piano part includes a repeat sign and various chordal textures.

wak'd the po-et's sigh, The girl who gave to song What gold could ne-ver buy. Oh!

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line and harmonic support for the vocal line.

wo-man's heart was made For minstrel's hands a-lone; By o-ther fin-gers play'd, It

p

The third line of the song concludes with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a repeat sign and a final cadence. The dynamics start with piano (p).

ad lib. *tempo.*

yields not half the tone. Then here's to her who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh, The

colla voce. *tempo.*

girl who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy.

f *p*

f *p* *f* *>*

At Beauty's door of glass,
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "he, who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through,
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy

The meeting of the waters.

AIR.—"THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante molto espressivo.

1. There is not in the wide world a
2. Yet it was not that na - ture had

PIANO, *mf* *p* *pp*

val - ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the
shed o'er the scene, Her pur - est of crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall
not her soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill, Oh! no— it was something more

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
ex - qui - site still, Oh! no— it was something more ex - qui - site still.

ten. *pp* *mf*

3. 'Twas that friends, the be-lov'd of my bo-som were near, Who made
4. Sweet vale of A-vo-ca! how calm could I rest In thy

3. 'Twas that friends, the be-lov'd of my bo-som were near, Who made
4. Sweet vale of A-vo-ca! how calm could I rest In thy

ev-'ry dear scene of en-chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
bo-som of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this

ev-'ry dear scene of en-chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
bo-som of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this

na-ture im-prove, When we see them re-flect-ed from looks that we love, When we
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace, And our

na-ture im-prove, When we see them re-flect-ed from looks that we love, When we
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace, And our

see them re-flect-ed from looks that we love.
hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.

see them re-flect-ed from looks that we love.
hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.

ERIN! OH, ERIN!

frown'd on in vain, Whose spi - rit out - lives them, un - fad - ing and
morn - ing hath hung, The full noon of free - dom shall beam round thee

warm. E - rin, on E - rin, thus bright thro the
yet. E - rin, oh E - rin, tho' long in the

pp

tears shade, Of a long night of bond - age thy spi - rit a -
Thy star will shine out when the proud - est shall

- pears.
fade.

mf

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

The Mother's lamentation.

Old Melody

Andante

PIANO.

1. She was mild as the sum-mer air, Like the
2. Dark and drear is my lone-ly home, For her

tim-id dove's were her eyes; Oh, my child! oh, my child! So gen-tle, pure, and fair! Thy
song is hush'd on the hill, She is gone, she is gone, O'er the stor-my seas to roam, And

heart would break to hear thy mo-ther's sighs; When I saw thee smile I was glad, But my
soon this wea-ry heart shall cease to thrill; Ere the sum-mer's sun shall have smil'd, She may

hours of joy, a-las! are o'er, She is gone, she is gone, And this ach-ing heart is sad, For
come, re-joic-ing to our shore, But I feel, but I feel, In part-ing with my child. That

pp colla voce.

I shall nev-er, nev-er see her more.
I shall nev-er, nev-er see her more.

Kate Kearney.

LADY MORGAN.

Allegretto.

ALEXANDER LEE.

1. Oh,
2. For that

PIANO.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale,
Her sighs spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Shule, agra.

AIR.—"COME, MY LOVE."

THOMAS MOORE. *Andantino*

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and dyads in a C major key, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamics start at 'p' (piano).

Oft I roam my gar - den bow'rs, To gaze up - on the fa - ded flow'rs And

pp

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are 'Oft I roam my gar - den bow'rs, To gaze up - on the fa - ded flow'rs And'. The piano part has a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

think them like past hap - py hours, That fled like sum-mer's bloom;.....

cresc. *dim.*

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'think them like past hap - py hours, That fled like sum-mer's bloom;.....'. The piano part includes 'cresc.' (crescendo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) markings.

Shule, shule, shule a-gra, Dreams of joy are sor - row now, The lad of my heart from

pp *pp*

The third line of the song features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Shule, shule, shule a-gra, Dreams of joy are sor - row now, The lad of my heart from'. The piano part has 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic markings at the beginning and end of the line.

home is gone, Ca - thu-teen, ca - thu-teen slaune....

p

The fourth line of the song features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'home is gone, Ca - thu-teen, ca - thu-teen slaune....'. The piano part has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

2. I am not now the bloom-ing maid, That us'd to love the
 3. In o-ther climes he's gone to find, A lass more pleas-ing

sempre p

val - ley's shade, My youth, my hopes, are all de-cay'd, And ev' - ry friend is
 to his mind, But ah! the one he's left be-hind, Will love him best of

cresc. dim.

fled..... Shule, shule, shule a - gra, Peace, why hast thou
 all..... Shule, shule, shule a - gra, Time can on - ly

pp

sigh'd fare-well? The lad of my heart from home is gone, Ca - thu-teen, ca - thu-teen
 bring me woe; The lad of my heart from home is gone, Ca - thu-teen, ca - thu-teen

pp

slaune.....
 slaune.....

p

Here we dwell in holiest bowers.

(Love and the Novice.)

Air.—“CEAN DUBH DELISH.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Tempo moderato.

PIANO.

f *p* *p*

1. “Here we dwell in
2. Love stood near the

ho - li - est bowers, Where an - gels of light o'er our o - ri - sons bend; Where sighs of de - vo - tion, and
No - vice and listen'd, And Love is no no - vice in tak - ing a hint; His laugh - ing blue eyes soon with

breath - ings of flow - ers, To hea - ven in min - gled o - our as - cend! Do not dis - turb our
pi - e - ty glis - ten'd; His ro - sy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. “Who would have thought,” the

calm, oh Love! So like is thy form to the che - rubs a - bove, It well might de - ceive such
ur - chin cries, “That Love could so well, so grave - ly dis - guise His wan - der - ing wings, and

hearts as ours."
wound-ing eyes?"

3. Love now warms thee, wak-ing and sleeping, Young No-vice, to him all thy o - ri - sons rise, He

ting-es the hea-ven-ly fount with his weep-ing, He brightens the cen - sor's flame with his sighs.

Love is the saint, en-shrin'd in thy breast, And an-gels themselves would ad-mit such a guest. If he

came to them cloth'd in Pi-e-ty's vest.

In the morning of life.

AIR.—"THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE."

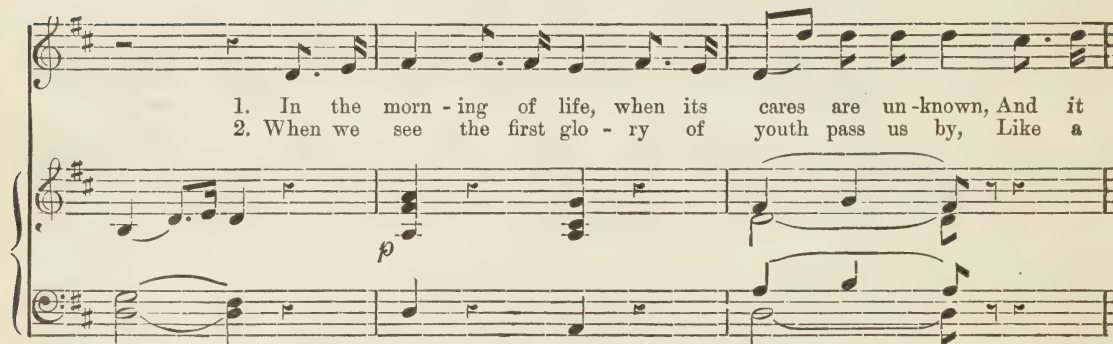
THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

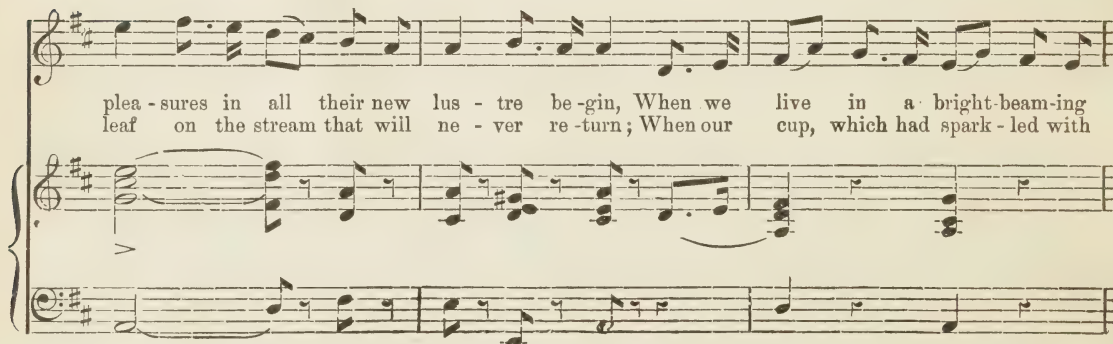
PIANO.



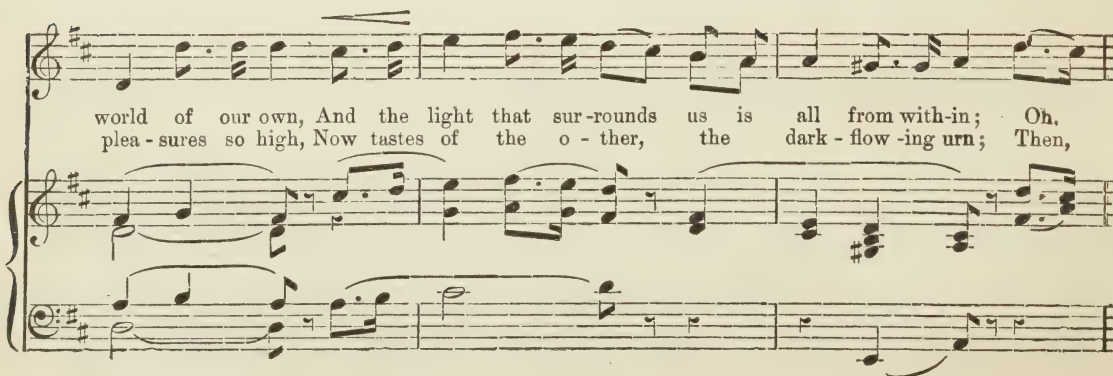
1. In the morn - ing of life, when its cares are un - known, And it
2. When we see the first glo - ry of youth pass us by, Like a



plea - sures in all their new lus - tre be - gin, When we live in a bright - beam - ing
leaf on the stream that will ne - ver re - turn; When our cup, which had spark - led with



world of our own, And the light that sur - rounds us is all from with - in; Oh,
plea - sures so high, Now tastes of the o - ther, the dark - flow - ing urn; Then,



'tis not, be - lieve me, in that hap - py time We can love, as in hours of less
then is the time when af - fec - tion holds sway With a depth and a ten - der - ness

trans - port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sun - ny prime, But af -
joy ne - ver knew; Love, nurs - ed a - mong plea - sures, is faith - less as they, But the

fec - tion is warm - est when these fade a - way
love born of sor - row, like sor - row, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth:
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth,
So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

Air.—"DOMHNALL."

THOMAS MOORE.

Adagio.

PIANO.

Con espress.

p *mf* *pp*

Ped. *

saw.... thy form in youth-ful prime, Nor thought that pale de - cay.... Would

steal.. be-fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a - way,.... MA - RY!

Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light, Which fleets not with.... the breath; And

mf

life.... ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of death, .. MA - RY!

2. As streams that run o'er gold - en mines, Yet
3. If souls could al - ways dwell a - bove, Thou

pp *p*

Ped. *

hum - bly, calm - ly glide, Nor seem... to know the wealth that shines, With-
ne'er hadst left thy sphere; Or could... we keep the souls we love, We

p

- in their gen - tle tide,... MA-RY! So veil'd be-neath the sim - plest guise, Thy
ne'er had lost thee here,... MA-RY! Though ma - ny a gift - ea mind we meet, Though

mf

ra - diant ge - nius shone, And that,... which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd
fair - est forms... we see, To live.... with them is far less sweet, Than

mf

worth-less in thy own,... MA - RY!
to re - mem - ber thee,... MA - RY!

pp *p*

Ped. *

Oh! blame not the bard.

AIR.—"KITTY TYRREL."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

1. Oh, blame not the
2. But a - las for his

PIANO.

bard... if he fly to the bower's Where plea - sure lies care - less - ly
coun - try! her pride is gone by,... And that spi - rit is bro - ken, which

smi - ling at fame; He was born for much more,.. and in hap - pier
ne - ver would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se - cret must

hours, His soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame, The
sigh, For 'tis trea - son to love her, and death to de - fend. Un -

string that now lan - guish-es loose.... oe'r the lyre, Might have bent a proud
 - priz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd... to be - tray; Un - dis - tin - guish they

pp

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

bow to the war - ri - or's dart,.. And the lip which now breathes but the
 live, if they shame.... not their sires; And the torch, that would light.. them thro

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

song of de - sire Might have pour'd the full tide of the pa - tri - ot's
 dig - ni - ty's way, Must be caught from the pile, where their coun - try ex -

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

heart.....
 - pires.....

cresc. *f*

This system concludes the piece with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand. The dynamics include a crescendo and a fortissimo (f) marking.

3. Then blame not the bard,.... if in plea-sure's soft dream, He should
 4. But tho' glo - ry be gone,.... and tho' hope fade a - way,.. Thy

p

try to for - get, what he ne - ver can heal: Oh!
 name, lov - ed E - rin, shall live in his songs; Not

give but a hope— let a vis - ta but gleam, Through the
 e'en in the hour, when his heart is most gay, Will he

gloom of his coun - try, and mark how he'll feel! That
 lose the re - mem-brance of thee and thy wrongs. The

in - stant, his heart at her shrine... would lay down Ev' - ry pas - sion it
 stran - ger shall hear thy la - ment... on his plains; The.... sigh of thy

pp

nurs'd, ev' - ry bliss..... it a - dor'd;... While the myr - tle, now i - dly en
 harp shall be sent..... o'er the deep,... Till thy mas - ters them - selves, as they

- twin'd with his crown, Like the wreath of Har - mo - dius, should co - ver his
 ri - vet thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their cap - tive and

sword...
 weep!..

cresc. f *p*

Peggy Bawn.

Old Melody.

Moderato con espressione.

1. As I gaed o'er the
3. Day be - ing come and

PIANO. *p* *legato.* *p*

Highland hills, To a farm-er's house I came; The night be-ing dark and something wet I
breakfast o'er, To the par-lour I was ta'en; The gude-man kind-ly ask-ed me If I'd

ven-tur'd in - to the same, Where I was kind-ly treat-ed, And a pret-ty girl I
mar-ry his daugh-ter Jane? "Five hun-dred marks I'll give her, Be - side a piece of

spied, Who ask'd me if I had a wife? But mar-riage I de-nied.
lan';" But scarce-ly had he spoke the word, Than I thought of Peg-gy Bawn.

2. I court - ed her the
4 "Your of - fer, sir, is

p *legato.* *p*

lae long night, "Till near the dawn of day, When frank - ly she to me did say, "A -
ve - ry good, And I thank you, too," said I, "But I cannot be your son - in - law, And I'll

- lang wi' thee I'll gae For Ire - land is a fine country, And the Scots to you are
tell you the rea-son why: My bus-ness call-eth me in haste, I am the king's servant

kin, So I will gang a - lang with you, My for - tune to be - gin."
bound, And I must gang a - wa' this day, Straight to E - din-burgh town."

F

5. Oh! Peg - gy Bawn, thou

art my own, Thy heart lies in my breast, And though we at a dis-tance are, Yet I

love thee still the best; Al- though we at a distance are, And the seas be-tween us

roar, Yet I'll be constant, Peg-gy Bawn, To thee for ev - er - more.

Oh! leave me to my sorrow.

Words by T. H. BAYLY.

Andante.

1. Oh, leave me to my
2. In win-ter from the

PIANO. *con espress.* *dim.* *p*

sor-row, For my heart is op-press'd to-day. Oh, leave me, and to-mor-row Dark
moun-tain, The stream like a tor-rent flows; In sum-mer the same foun-tain Is

sha-dows may pass a-way. There's a time when all that grieves us Is
calm as a child's re- pose. Thus in grief the first pangs wound us, And

mf

felt with a deeper gloom; There's a time when hope re- ceives us, And we dream of bright days to
tears of despair gush on; Time brings forth new flow'r a-round us, And the tide of our grief is

riten. *colla voce.*

come.
gone.

dim.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

AIR.—"THE SUMMER IS COMING."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andantino.

1. Rich and rare were the
2. "La - dy! dost thou not

p e legato. *p*

PIANO.

gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But
fear to stray, So lone and love - ly through this bleak way? Are

oh! her beau - ty was far... be - yond Her spark - ling gems or snow - white
E - rin's sons so good or..... so cold, As not to be tempt - ed by wo - man or

mf

wand. But oh! her beau - ty was far..... be - yond Her spark - ling
gold? Are E - rin's son's so good or..... so cold, As not to be

p *pp*

gems or snow-white waud.
tempt-ed by wo-man or gold?"

3. "Sir Knight! I feel not the least a-larm, No son of E-rin will of-fer me
4. On she went, and her maid-en smile In safe-ty light-ed her round the green

harm:— For though they love wo-man and gold-en store, Sir Knight! they love hon-our
isle; And blest for e-ver is she who re-lied Up-on E-rin's hon-our,

and vir-tue more! For tho' they love wo-man and gol-den store, Sir Knight! they love
and E-rin's pride. And blest for e-ver is she who re-lied Up-on E-rin's

hon-our and vir-tue more!
hon-our, and E-rin's pride.

No! not more welcome.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"LUGGELAW."

Tempo moderato.

PIANO.

1. No, not more wel - come the fai - ry
2. Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the

num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's ear,.... When, half - a -
steal - ing Of sum - mer wind thro' some wreath - ed shell... Each se - cret

- wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the full quire of heav'n is
wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my soul echo - ed to its

near,— Then came that voice, when, all for - sak - en, This.....
spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm— 'twas sun - shine spo - ken!— I'd.....

mf

This system contains the first vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The piano part includes chords and moving lines in both hands.

heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its cold pulse would ev - er
live years of grief and pain To have my long sleep of sor - row

dim.

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line remains in treble clef. The piano accompaniment features a descending melodic line in the right hand and a more active line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) is present.

wak - en To such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a - gain.....
bro - ken By such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a - gain.....

riten.

colla voce. *p*

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. The system ends with a double bar line.

cresc.

This system contains the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *cresc.* (crescendo) is present. The system ends with a double bar line.

Come, rest in this bosom.

AIR.—"LOUGH SHEELING."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante

PIANO.

1. Come,
2. Oh!

rest in this bo - som, My... own strick - en deer! Tho' the herd have fled
 what was love made for, if.... 'tis not the same Thro' joy and thro

from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the smile that no
 tor - ment, thro' glo - ry and shame? I know not, I ask not, if

cloud can o'er - cast, And a heart and a hand all thy own to the
 guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what - e - ver thou

p *mf* *cresc*

last.
art.

3. Thou hast

mf

call'd me thy an - gel in... mo - ments of bliss, And thy an - gel I'll

p

be, 'mid the hor - rors of this... Thro the fur - nace, un - shrink - ing. thy

mf

steps - to pur - sue, And shield thee, And save thee, or per - ish there

too!

mf *dim.*

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

"THE LITTLE JUG."

Con fuoco.

Old Melody.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G minor (one flat) and common time. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter note C, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, including a prominent G in the bass. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando).

1. Let the farm-er praise his grounds, Let the hunts-man praise his hounds, And the
2. Im - mor-tal and di - vine, Great Bac-chus, God of wine, Cre -

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues the harmonic support. It includes chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

shep - herd his sweet scent-ed lawn; But I, more blest than they, Spend each
- ate me by a - dop - tion your son, In hope that you'll com - ply, That my

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues. It features chords and moving lines in both hands, maintaining the harmonic structure of the piece.

hap - py night and day With my charm-ing lit - tle cru-is-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my
glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil-ing lit - tle cru-is-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues. It features chords and moving lines in both hands, concluding the section.

smil - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen lawn. }
smil - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen lawn. }

Gra - ma-chree ma cruiss - keen,

cresc. *sf*

Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh!

sf *sf*

Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn.*

cresc. *f*

3. And when grim death ap - pears, In a

sf *sf* *p* *mf*

few but plea - sant years, To tell me that my glass has run, I'll

The Chorus may be rendered:—

"My heart's love is my little jug,
Bright health to my darling!
My heart's love, her fair locks," &c.

say "Be-gone, you knave, For great Bac-chus gave me leave To take a - no - ther cruise-keen

The first system of the musical score for 'The Cruiskeen Lawn'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "say 'Be-gone, you knave, For great Bac-chus gave me leave To take a - no - ther cruise-keen".

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise - keen lawn."

cresc.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise - keen lawn." The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

Gra - ma-chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in

sf *sf* *sf*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Gra - ma-chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in". The piano accompaniment features three *sf* (sforzando) markings.

bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn.

cresc. *f*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn." The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and a *f* (forte) marking.

sf *sf* *p*

The fifth system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment features three dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando), *sf* (sforzando), and *p* (piano).

Kitty of Coleraine.

Vivace.

PIANO.

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one morning was tripping With a
2. I sat down beside her and gent-ly did chide her That

pitch-er of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she saw me she stumbled, The pitch-er it tumbled, And
such a misfortune should give her such pain; A kiss then I gave her, And be-fore I did leave her She

all the sweet buttermilk wa-ter'd the plain. "Oh! what shall I do, now?" 'Twas looking at you, now; Sure,
vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it a-gain. 'Twas hay-mak-ing sea-son, I can't tell the rea-son Mis-

sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet a-gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry, Oh! Bar-ney Mc. Clea-ry, You're
for-tune will ne-ver come sin-gle, 'tis plain, For, ve-ry soon af-ter poor Kit-ty's dis-ast-er There

sent as a plague to the girls of Cole-raine."
was not a pitch-er found whole in Cole-raine.

Take back the virgin page

AIR.—"DERMOTT."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still; Some hand more
2. Yet let me keep the book: Oft shall my heart re - new, When on its

calm and sage, The leaf must fill.... Thoughts come, as pure as light,
leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you.... Like you, 'tis fair and bright;

Pure as ev'n you re-quire; But oh! each word I write, Love turns to
Like you, too bright and fair To let wild pas - sion write One wrong wish

fire....
there...

mf *sf* *sf* *sf*

3. Hap - ly, when from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam, Should calm-er
4. And as, o'er o - cean far, Sea - men their re - cords keep, Led by some

p

thoughts a - rise Towrds you and home; Fan - cy may trace some line
hid - den star Through the cold deep; So may the words I write

dim. *p* *mf*

riten.
Wor - thy those eyes to meet, Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and
Tell thro' what storms I stray— You still the un - seen light, Guid - ing my

sweet.
way.

mf *sf* *sf*

The Bells of Shandon.

Air.—"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY."

MAHONY.

Andante con moto.

1. With deep af -
2. I've heard bells

PIANO. *mf* *p*

- fec - tion and re - col - lec - tion I oft - en think of those Shandon bells, Whose sounds so
toll - ing "Old Adrian's mole" in, Their thunders roll - ing from the Va - ti - can, With cym - bals

simil.

wild would in days of child - hood Fling round my cra - dle their ma - gic spell; On this I
glo - rious, swinging up - roar - ous, In the gorgeous tur - rets of No - tre Dame; But thy sounds were

pon - der wher - e'er I wan - der, And then grow fond - er, sweet Cork, of thee, With thy bells of
sweet - er than the dome of Pe - ter Flings o'er the Ti - ber, peal - ing so - lemn - ly. Oh, the bells of

riten.

Shandon That sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.
Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.

mf

2. I've heard bells chiming full ma-ny a clime in, Toll-ing sub-
 4. There's a bell in Mos-cow, while on tow'r and kiosk O! In St. So -

simili.

- lime in ca - the - dral shrine: While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vi - brate, But all their
 - phi - a the Turk-man gets, And loud in air calls men to pray - er From the ta-p'ring

mu - sicspokenaught like thine; For mem-ry, dwell-ing on each proud swell-ing Of thy bel -
 summit of tall mi - na - rets: Such emp - ty phan - tom I free - ly grant them, But there's an

- fry, knell-ing its bold notes free, Made the bells of Shan-don Sound far more grand on The plea-sant
 an-them more dear to me, ... 'Tis the bells of Shan-don That sound so grand on The plea-sant

riten.

wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.
 wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.

rall.

Tho' dark are our sorrows.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

Allegretto.

1. Tho'

PIANO. *p* *cresc.* *f*

dark are our sor-rows, to-day we'll for-get them, And smile thro' our tears like a

p

sun-beam in show'rs; There ne-ver were hearts, if our ru-lers would let them, More

form'd to be grate-ful and blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has

mf sf

ceas'd to pain, And hope has en-wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There

sf

comes a new link, Our spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste, like the

p

tempo.

light of the poles, Is a flash a-mid dark-ness, too bril-liant to stay; But

tho' 'twere the last lit-tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our

Prin-ce's Day.

f *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

1. Con - tempt on the min - ion, who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho' fierce to your foe, to your
 2. He loves the Green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts, which have suf - fer'd too

p

friends you are true; And the tri - bute most high to a head that is roy - al Is
 much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at - tach - ment re - ward - ed, And

love from a heart that loves li - ber - ty too. While cow - ards, who blight Your
 E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The gem would be broke By

mf sf

fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the bat - tle ar - ray, The
 ma - ny a stroke, But no - thing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each

sf

tempo.

Stan-dard of Green In front would be seen,— Oh, my life on your faith! were you
rag-ment will cast A light, to the last,— And thus, E - rin, my coun - try 'tho'

p

sum-mon'd this mi-nute, You'd cast ev'-ry bit-ter re-mem-brance a-way, And
bro-ken thou art, There's a lus-tre with-in thee, that ne'er will de-cay; A

show what the arm of old E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe, on her
spi-rit, which beams thro' each suf-fer-ing part, And now smiles at all pain on the

Prin - ce's Day.
Prin - ce's Day.

f sf sf sf sf

'Tis believed that this harp.

AIR.—"GAGE FANE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andantino.

PIANO.

dolce. ten. ten.

1. 'Tis be -
2. But she

- liev'd that this harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a sy - ren, of
lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears, all the

old, who sung un - der the sea; And who of - ten, at eve, thro' the
night, her gold tres - ses to steep; Till heav'n look'd with pi - ty on

bright wa - ters rov'd, To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she
true - love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's

lov'd....
form....

3. Still her
4. Hence it

ten. dolce. *ten.*

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

bo - som rose fair— still her cheeks smil'd the same— While her sea - beau - ties
came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known To min - gle love's

p

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The key signature remains one sharp.

grace - ful - ly form'd the light frame; And her hair, as let loose o'er her
lan - guage with sor - row's sad tone; Till thou didst di - vide them, and

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic flow. The key signature is one sharp.

white - arm it fell, Was chang'd to bright chords ut - t'ring me - lo - dy's
teach the fond lay To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when a -

p

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The key signature remains one sharp.

spell....
way....

ten. dolce. *ten.* *dim.*

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"FATHER QUINN."

Tempo moderato

PIANO.



1. When - e'er I see those smil - ing eyes, So
2. For time will come with all its blights, The

full of hope, and joy, and light, As if no cloud could
ruin - ed hope, the friend un - kind, And love, that leaves, wher -

e - ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - ly bright; I
- e'er it lights, A chill'd or burn - ing heart . . . be - hind; While

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its
youth, that now like snow ap - pears, Ere sul lied by the

ev - 'ry ray, And that light heart, so joy - ous now, Al -
dark - 'ning rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sor - row's tears, Can

- most for - get it once..... was gay.
ne - ver shine so bright..... a - gain.

p

Come, send round the wine.

THOMAS MOORE.

Con spirito.

AIR.—“WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.”

PIANO. *f*

1. Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To
2. Shall I ask the brave sol - dier, who fights by my side In the

mf

sim - ple - ton sag - es, and reas' - ning fools; This mo - ment's a flow'r too
cause of man - kind, if our creeds a - gree? Shall I give up the friend I have

fair and brief To be with - er'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools. Your
valu'd and tried, If he kneel not be - fore the same al - tar with me? From the

Con anima

glass may be pur - ple, and mine may be blue, But while they are fill'd from the
he - re - tic girl of my soul should I fly, To seek somewhere else a more

same bright bowl, The fool, who would quarrel for diff - rence of hue, De -
ortho - dox kiss? No, pe - rish the hearts and the laws that try Truth,

- serves not the com - fort they shed o'er the soul.
val - our, or love, by a stand - ard like this!

The Exile of Erin.

AIR.—"SAVOURNEEN DEELISH."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Slow and with expression.

1. There came to the beach a poor
2. "Oh! sad is my fate!" said the

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

Ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill, For his
heart - bro - ken stran - ger, "The wild deer and wolf to a co - vert can flee; But

coun - try he sigh'd when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To wan - der a - lone by the
I have no re - fuge from fa - mine and dan - ger, A home and a coun - try re -

wind - beat - en hill; But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it
- main not to me: Ah! ne - ver a - gain in the green sha - dy bow - ers Where my

mf

rose.... o'er his own na-tive Isle of the o - cean, Where soon in the fire of his
fore - fa - thers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,.... Or co - ver my harp with the

youth-ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold an - them of E - rin go bragh.
wild - wo - ven flow - ers, And strike the sweet num - bers of E - rin go bragh."

3. Oh! E - rin, my coun - try, tho' sad and for - sa - ken, In
4. Oh! where is my ca - bin door, fast by the wild wood?

dim. *p*

dreams I re - vis - it thy sea - beat - en shore; But, a - las! in a far fo - reign
Sis - ters, and sire, did you weep for its fall? Oh! where is the mo - ther that

land I a - wa - ken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more. Ah!
look'd on my child-hood? And where is the bo - som friend, dear - er than all? Ah,

mf

cru - el fate! wilt thou ne - ver re - place me In a man - sion of peace, where no
my sad heart! long a - ban-don'd by plea - sure, Why didst.. thou doat on a

mf

per - ils can chase me? Ah! ne - ver a - gain shall my bro - thers em - brace me! They
fast fa - ding trea - sure? Tears like the rain - drop may fall with - out mea - sure, But

died to de - fend me, or live to de - plore!
rap - ture and beau - ty they can - not re - call!

dim.

yet, all its sad re - col - lec - tions sup - press - ing, One dy - ing wish my lone

p

5. But

bo - som shall draw, Oh! E - rin! an ex - ile be - queaths thee his bless - ing! Dear

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests in the vocal line.

land of my fore - fa - thers, E - rin go bragh! Oh! bu - ried and cold, when my

mf

This system continues the melody. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) under the second staff.

heart stills its mo - tion, Green be... thy fields, sweetest isle of the o - cean, And thy

This system continues the melody. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) under the second staff.

harp - strik - ing bards sing a - loud with de - vo - tion, Oh! E - rin, ma vour - neen!

This system continues the melody. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) under the second staff.

E - rin go bragh!

mf *p*

This system concludes the piece. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) under the second staff.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM."

Andante.

1. As a
2. One

PIANO.

p *pp*

beam o'er the face of the wa - ters may glow, While the tide runs in
fa - tal re - mem - brance, one sor - row that throws Its bleak shade a -

dark - ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be.... ting'd with a
- like o'er our joys and our woes, To which life no - thing.. dark - er or.....

warm sun - ny smile.... Tho' the cold heart to.... ru - in runs dark - ly the
bright - er can bring.... For which joy has no.... balm,... and af - flic - tion no

pp

while.
sting.

3. Oh! this

thought in..... the midst of en - joy - ment will stay, Like a dead, leaf - less

branch in the sum - mer's bright ray; The.... beams of the.... warm sun play...

round it in vain,... It may smile in his light,.. But it blooms not a -

- gain....

Let others breathe in glowing words.

GERALD GRIFFIN.
Andante.

AIR.—"CASTLE HYDE."

PIANO.

Let o - thers breathe in glowing

p *dim.* *p*

This system features a vocal melody in G major, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and decrescendo (*dim.*).

words The se - cret of... Their bo - som's pain, And bid the loud... harp's sounding

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and decrescendo (*dim.*).

chords Tell o'er the wea - ry tale a - gain;... From me no burn - ing stave shall

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and decrescendo (*dim.*).

rise,... A cold heart's an - sw'ring sigh to move, But I will gaze..... up -

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and decrescendo (*dim.*).

riten.

- on those eyes, And waste a - way... in si - lent love....

p *colla voce.*

This system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and decrescendo (*dim.*).

I can - not find in art a strain To e - cho

p

forth mine in - ward moan, If sighs and looks can't tell my pain, Oh! ne - ver

shall my love be known; Safe is the flame whose answering breath A tear may

quench, a sigh may move, But full of dan - ger and of death Is the pent

p

riten.

fire... of si - lent love.

colla voce.

p

Oft in the Stilly Night.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

dolce.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - bers chain has
 2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so link'd to -

*murmurando.**pp*

bound.. me, Fond mem' - ry brings the light Of o - ther days a -
 - ge - ther, I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try

- round me. The smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The
 wea - ther; I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The
ban - quet-hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! } Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere
all but he de - part - ed! }

pp
pp con pedale.

slum - ber's chain has bound.... me, Sad mem - ry brings the light Of

riten.
o - ther days a - round me.
colla voce.

Around me, blessed image, ever soar.

JOHN OXENFORD.

Old Melody.

Adagio.

PIANO. *mf* *p* *tr*

1. A - round me, a-round me, bless - ed im - age, ev - er soar, Do not
 2. No word to my heart is spo - ken by that bu - sy throng, Strange and

quit me, let me gaze on thee a - lone,..... And think on the days, now pass'd a -
 fo-reign, of an - o - ther world it seems,..... Me-thinks with-out aim or pur- pose

- way for ev - er - more. On that day when first I hail'd thee as my
 still it glides a - long. Ah, I find my on - ly home comes with my

own. They may say thou'rt dead, thou liv - est still to me, And thy
dreams. Then the world that's past is liv - ing still for me, And my

smile is the smile I knew of yore,..... If thou art an emp - ty shade, a
love is the love I felt of yore,..... For all did my heart once beat, but

world re - vives in thee, Ah, a - round me, bles - sed im - age, ev - er
most of all for thee, In my dreams, thou bles - sed im - age, near me

cresc. *p*

soar.....
soar.....

cresc. *mf >* *pp* *tr*

'Tis no time to take a wife.

JOHN OXENFORD.

Allegro.

1. "Tis no time to take a wife,
2. "Af - ter some un - luck - y fray,

PIANO. *f* *ten.* *p e stacc.*

hon-est John O' Gra - dy, When the land is fill'd with strife, Gal-lant John O' Gra-dy, Who can
reck-less John O' Gra - dy, They may bear your bride a - way, thoughtless John O' Gra-dy, From

think of beau-ty's charms In the mid'st of war's alarms?" "That can I, to be sure," said
foes that ne - ver sleep, What trea-sure can you keep?" "I don't know till I try," said

sf *sf*

fear - less John O' Gra - dy.
care - less John O' Gra - dy.

sf *sf* *sf*

3. "There's a - no - ther dan - ger too, ro - ving John O' Gra - dy, Kath - leen's eyes are bright and blue,
 4. "Still a - no - ther point, dear John, hap - less John O' Gra - dy, All your broad es - tates are gone,

p e stacc.

fic - kle John O' Gra - dy, They might set your heart on fire, And of
 ru - in'd John O' Gra - dy, And your cas - tle, once re - now'd, Now is

Ma - ry you might tire!" "I'll be blind ere that day," said
 le - vell'd with the ground," "But my heart yet is firm," said

sf *sf*

con - stant John O' Gra - dy.
 daunt - less John O' Gra - dy.

sf *sf* *sf*

At the mid hour of night.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"MOLLY, MY DEAR."

Allegretto.

PIANO.

*p leggiero.**mf >**p*

1. At the
2. Then I

mid hour of night, when stars are weep - ing, I fly To the
sing the wild song 'twas once such plea - sure to hear! When our

lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I
voi - ces com - ming - ling breath'd, like one, on the ear; And, as

think oft, if spi - rits can steal from the re - gions of air To re -
E - cho far off through the vale my sad o - ri - son rolls, I

mf

- vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And
think, oh my love, 'tis thy voice from the King - dom of Souls,* Faintly

cresc.

tell me our love is re - mem - ber'd, e'en in the sky.
an - swer - ing still the notes that once were so dear.

p e legiero.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

Savourneen Deelish.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.

Larghetto, con molto espressione.

1. Oh! the mo - ment was sad when my
2. When the word of com - mand put our

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

love and I part - ed, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! * As I
men in - to mo - tion, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! I

kiss'd off her tears I was nigh bro - ken - heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen dee - lish,
buck-led on my knap-sack to cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour - neen dee - lish,

Ei - leen oge! Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul - der,
Ei - leen oge! Brisk were our troops, all roar - ing like thun - der,

mf

* Darling dear young Ellen.

Damp was her hand, no mar - ble was cold - er; I felt that a - gain I should
Pleas'd with the voy - age, im - pa - tient for plun - der, My bo - som with grief was

ad lib.
ne - ver be - hold her, Sa - your - neen dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!
almost torn a - sun - der, Sa - your - neen dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!
colla voce. *f*

3. Long I fought for my coun - try, far, far from my true love, Sa -
pp - rall. *p*

- your - neen dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay, and my boo - ty I

Mourn not for me

1. Mourn
2. Let

PIANO. *p* *dim.*

not for me when I'm no more, I would not have one tear Be - dim the lus - tre
not the mock - er - y of woe True sorrow's semblance take, To coun - ter - feit a

of brighteyes By my fu - ner - eal bier. Let not sad tones of grief be heard Be -
fond re - gret Not felt for my poor sake. E - nough, if lov - ing thoughts of me Some

- neath the sol - emn shade, A - mong those who may gath - er round Near there where I am
kind heart pon - der o'er, And all my fol - lies be for - got When I shall be no

laid.
more. *dim.*

Remember thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"CASTLE TIROWEN."

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Re -
2. Wert thou

mem - ber thee? yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall ne - ver for -
all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free, First flow - er of the

- get thee, all born as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy
earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with proud - er, with

gloom and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sun - ni - est
hap - pi - er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deep - ly than

colla voce.

hours.
now ?

3. No, thy

p *cresc.*

chains as they ran - kle, thy blood as it runs, But make thee more

p

pain - ful - ly dear to thy sons— Whose hearts, like the young of the

des - ert - bird's nest, Drink love in each life - drop that flows from thy

colla voce.

breast.

p *cresc.*

Thro' grief and thro' danger

Air.—"I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

PIANC. *p*

1. Thro' grief and thro' dan - ger thy

smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The

dark-er our for-tune, the bright-er our pure love burn'd, Till shame in-to glo-ry, till fear in-to

zeal was turn'd: Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spi-rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the

sf

sor-rows that made me more dear to thee.

p *f*

2. Thy ri - val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy crown was of bri - ers, while
 3. They slan - der thee sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail; Hadst thou been a false one, thy

gold her brows a - dorn'd: She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st hid in
 cheek had look'd less pale! They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling' - ring

caves; Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were slaves: Yet, cold in the
 chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile stains! Oh! do not be -

earth at thy feet I would ra - ther be, Than wed what I lov'd not, or
 - lieve them, no chain could that soul sub - due, Where shin - eth thy spi - rit, there

turn one thought from thee.
 li - ber - ty shin - eth too!

My gentle Harp.

THOMAS MOORE.

ATR.—"THE COINA, OR DIRGE."

Andantino.

PIANO.

1. My gen-tle
3. Then, who can

Harp, once more I wa - ken The sweetness of... thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our
ask for notes of plea - sure, My droop-ing Harp, from chords like thine? A - las, the

last fare-well was ta - ken, And now in tears we meet a - gain. No light of
lark's gay morn-ing mea-sure As ill would suit the swan's de - cline! Or how shall

joy.... hath o'er thee bro - ken, But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill Of slave-ry,
I,.... who love, who bless thee, In - voke thy breath for Freedom's strains, When ev'n the

dark as thine, hath spo - ken, Thou hang'st up - on the wil-lows still.
wreaths in which I dress thee Are sad - ly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

Ped.

2. And yet, since last thy chord re - sound - ed, An hour of
4. But come- if yet thy frame can bor - row One breath of

peace and tri-umph came, And many an ar - dent bo - som bound-ed With hopes-that
joy, oh, breathe for me, And show the world in chains and sor - row How sweet thy

now are turn'd to shame. Yet ev - en then, while peace was sing - ing Her hal - cyon
mu - sic still can be; How gai - ly, ev'n 'mid gloom sur-round - ing, Thou yet canst

song o'er land and sea, Tho' joy and hope to o - thers bring - ing, She on - ly
wake at plea-sure's thrill—Like Memnon's bro - ken im - age sound - ing, 'Mid de - so -

brought new tears to thee.
- la - tion tune - ful still.

Ped.

She is far from the land.

AIR.—“OPEN THE DOOR.”

THOMAS MOORE

Andante.

1. She is
2. She

PIANO. *p* *sf* *sf*

far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And lo - vers a - round her
sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev'-ry note which he lov'd a -

p

sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her
- wak - ing;— Ah! lit - tle they think who de - light in her strains, How the

heart in his grave is ly - ing.
heart of the min - strel is break - ing.

mf *sf*

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were
4. Oh! make her a grave where the sun - beams rest, When they

all that to life had en - twin'd him; Nor soon shall the tears of his
pro - mise a glo - rious mor - row; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a

coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be -
smile from the West, From her own loved is - land of

- hind..... him.
sor - row.

The time I've lost in wooing.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"PEASE UPON A TRENCHER."

Allegretto.

1. The time I've lost in woo-ing, In
2. Her smile when Beau-ty grant-ed, I

PIANO. *p* *dim.* *p*

ad lib.

watch-ing and pur - su - ing, The light that lies In wo-man's eyes, Has been my heart's un -
hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like him, the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's

mf *colla voce.*

- do - ing. Tho' Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My
haunt - ed. Like him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

ten. *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ad lib.

on - ly books Were wo-man's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me!
once their ray Was turn'd a - way, O! winds could not out - run me.

f *colla voce.* *p*

3. And are those fol - lies go - ing? And

dim *sf* *sf* *p*

is my proud heart grow - ing Too cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it

ad lib. *mf* *colla voce.*

glow - ing? No— vain, a - las! th'en - dea - your From bonds so sweet to se - ver; Poor

ten. *p* *Ped.* *

Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

ad lib. *f* *colla voce.* *f* *f*

If thou'lt be mine.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"THE WINNOWING SHEET."

Moderato.

PIANO.

p *cresc.* *p*

1. If
2. Bright

thou'lt be mine, the trea - sures of air, Of earth, and sea, shall
flow'rs shall bloom wher - ev - er we rove, A voice di - vine shall

mf

lie at thy feet; What - ev - er in Fan - cy's eye looks fair, Or in
talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this

Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours— if thou wilt be
earth be all one beau - ti - ful dream In our eyes— if thou wilt be

dimin. *p* *sf* *sf*

riten.

mine, love!
mine, love!

3. And
4. All

thoughts whose source is hid - den and high, Like streams that come from
this and more the Spi - rit of Love Can breathe o'er them who

mf

hea - ven - ward hills, Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie To be
feel his spell; That heav'n which forms his home a - bove, He can

bath'd by those e - ter - nal rills, Ev - er green, if thou wilt be
make on earth, wher - ev - er he dwells, As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be

dimin. *p* *sf* *sf*

riten.

mine, love!
mine, love!

p *cresc.* *p*

Oh! doubt me not.

AIR—"YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *p* *dim.*

1. Oh!
2. And

doubt me not—the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And
tho' my lute no lon - ger May sing of pas - sions ar - dent spell, Yet

p e leggiero.

now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by Love. Al -
trust me, all the strong - er I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

- tho' this heart was ear - ly blown, And fair - est hands dis - turb'd the tree, They
bee thro' ma - ny a gar - den roves, And hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But,

riten.

on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then
 when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set - tles there and hums no more. Then

mf *p* *colla voce.* *p*

doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And
 doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly kept me free, And

e leggiero,

now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall watch the flame a - wak'd by Love.
 now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall guard the flame a - wak'd by thee.

p

dim.

The Emigrants.

WALTER MAYNARD.

Allegro moderato ma con anima.

PIANO. *f* *il basso ben marcato.* *p* *mf*

1. Sad
2. Un -

was the day we said fare-well, Dear na - tive land, to thee; And wan-der'd forth to
- mann'd was ev' - ry lov - ing heart, When part - ing words were said - In si - lence on the

find a home, Be - yond the stor - my sea. Hard then our fate; fast flow'd the tears We
deck we stood, And watch'd the daylight fade: At length one bold - er than the rest, In

mf

tried to hide in vain, At thought of those we left be - hind, And might ne'er see a -
ac - cents gruff and stern, Cried, "Cou - rage boys, what need to grieve, We all shall soon re -

mf

gain.....
turn.".....

3. His words re-viv'd our droop-ing hopes, They cheer'd us on our way; And ne-ver have for -

- got - ten been Since part - ing that sad day. As thro' the stran-ger's land we roam, Where -

- e'er our home may be, Our fond - est hope is to re - turn, Dear na - tive land, to

thee.....

'Tis sweet to think.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THADY, YOU GANDER."

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Oh! 'tis

sweet to think that, wher-e'er we rove, We are sure to find some-thing bliss-ful and dear, And that

p leggiero.

when we're far from the lips we love, We've but to make love to the lips we are near! The

p

heart, like a ten-dril, ac - custom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, can-not flour-ish a-lone, But will

lean to the near-est and love - li - est thing It can twine with it - self, and make close-ly its own. Then

rall. *tempo.*

scherzando, *ten. >* *colla voce.*

oh! what plea-sure wher-e'er we rove, To be sure to find some-thing still that is dear, And to

tempo.

p leggiero non legato.

know, when far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

ad lib.

p legg. *colla voce.* *p*

2. 'Twere a

p *f*

shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there; And the

p leggiero.

world's so rich in re-splen-dent eyes, 'Twere a pi-ty to lim-it one's love to a pair. Love's

wing and the peacock's are near-ly a-like, They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too, And wher-

- ev - er a new beam of beau-ty can strike, It will tincture Love's plume with a dif-fer-ent hue! Then

schertando. *ten. >* *colla voce.*

oh! what plea-sure, wher-e'er we rove, To be sure to find some-thing still that is dear, And to

p leggiero non legato.

know, when far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

p legg. *colla voce. f*

While History's Muse

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"PADDY WHACK."

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

1. While
2 "Hail,

His - to - ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keep - ing, Of all that the dark hand of
Star of my Isle!" said the Spi - rit, all spark - ling, With beams such as break from her

Des - ti - ny weaves, Be - side her the Ge - nius of E - rin stood weep - ing, For
own de - wy skies "Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - ser - ted and dark - ling, I've

hers was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But oh! how the tears in her
watch'd for some glo - ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho' He - roes I've num - ber'd, un -

eye - lds grew bright, When, af - ter whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw
- blest was their lot, And un - hal - low'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame; But

His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light That il - lum'd the whole vol - ume, her
oh! there is not One dis - hon - our - ing blot On the wreath that en - cir - cles my

Wellington's name!
Wellington's name!"

3. "Yet

still the last crown of thy toils is re - main - ing, The grand - est, the pu - rest, ev'n

thou hast yet known; Tho' proud was thy task, o - ther na - tions un - chain-ing, Far

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both in the same key and time signature. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with some measures containing rests.

proud - er to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne for whose

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right-hand part.

weal thou hast stood, Go, plead for the land that first cra - dled thy fame— And

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right-hand part.

bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the rain - bow of Hope be her

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right-hand part.

Wellington's name!"

The fifth system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the right-hand part.

The lake of Coolfin.

WALTER MAYNARD.

Old Melody.

Andante.

PIANO.

*p e legato.*1. Oh!
2. The

calm was the lake of Cool - fin on that day, When o'er its wide
wild winds of Win - ter now sweep o'er the lake, The snow-drift lies

wa - ters we gli - ded a - long, No cloud in the hea - vens o'er -
deep on its de - so - late shore, The roll of the thun - der its

- sha - dow'd our way, And light - heart - ed laugh - ter was join'd in our
e - choe a - wake, And sum - mer time smiles on its bo - som no

song.
more.

3. As

bright is the sun - shine of youth's ear - ly day, As gay are the

plea - sures our life may be - gin; In this world be - low they must

soon. pass a - way, And be o - ver - cast as the lake of Cool -

fin.....

mf *dim.* *p*

mf *dim.* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into six systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'bright is the sun - shine of youth's ear - ly day, As gay are the'. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'plea - sures our life may be - gin; In this world be - low they must'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'soon. pass a - way, And be o - ver - cast as the lake of Cool -'. The fifth system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The sixth system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf*, *dim.*, and *p*. There are also triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

Wreath the bowl.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“NORAN KISTA.”

Con spirito.

1. Wreath the bowl With
2. T'was nec - tar fed Of

PIANO. *f* *mf*

flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rds
old, 'tis said, Their Ju - nos, Joves, A - pol - los; And man may brew His

heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be - hind us. Should Love a - mid The wreaths be hid, That
nec - tar too, The rich re - ceipt's as fol - lows: Take wine like this, Let looks of bliss A -

riten.

Joy, th'en - chant - er, brings us, No dan - ger fear, While wine is near, We'll drown him if he
- round it well be blend - ed, Then bring Wit's beam To warm the stream, And there's your nec - tar

colla voce. *f*

stings us. Then } wreath the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright-est Wit can find us; We'll
splen - did; So

mf

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A4 and G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the left hand and a half note A3 in the right hand, followed by a series of chords and moving lines.

take a flight Tow'rd heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.

f

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and the second and third staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes B4, A4, and G4, followed by a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand remains mostly chordal.

3. Say, why did Time His glass sub-lime Fill

sf *mf*

This system contains the third line of the vocal melody and the third and fourth staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes B4, A4, and G4. The piano accompaniment shows a dynamic shift with *sf* (sforzando) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) markings, indicating a change in intensity.

up with sands un - sight - ly, When wine, he knew, Runs brisk-er through, And spar-kles far more

This system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and the fourth and fifth staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note B4, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A4 and G4. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support for the vocal line.

bright - ly? Oh, lend it us, And, smil - ing thus, The glass in two we'll se - ver, Make

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

riten.
plea - sure glide In dou - ble tide, And fill both ends for ev - er! Then wreath the bowl With

colla voce. *mf*

This system contains the second line of the song. The tempo marking *riten.* (ritardando) is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a *colla voce.* section in the left hand and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) section in the right hand.

flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rdshav'n to-night, And

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

leave dull earth be - hind us.

f *sf*

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal line ends with a long rest. The piano accompaniment features a *f* (forte) section with ascending eighth-note runs in the left hand and a *sf* (sforzando) section with chords in the right hand.

The first swallow.

C. BARNARD.

Old Melody.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. Come
2. May it

p e leggiero. *p*

back with the south wind, sweet prophet of spring, There's life in your twitter, there's hope on your wing; You
ev - er be thus in the time of our grief, When care nips our pleasures as frost bites the leaf; When the

bid us for - get all the bleak win - try scene, And pre - pare us a - gain for our
win - ter of trou - ble spreads o'er - us its wing, May we ne'er want a swal - low to

em - er - ald green.
tell us of spring!

p

The gap in the hedge.

C. BARNARD.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. There's a
2. There's a

gap in the hedge at Kil - mare,..... with a seat just con-triv'd for a
boy at the mill of Kil - mare,..... It's with him that I danc'd at the

pair,..... A charm - ing cool spot When the wea - ther is hot, And the
fair ;..... One day, in the gap, Where we met, quite by hap, He made

ad lib.

cou - ples who don't like the glare, go there, To sit down in the gap at Kil -
bold his true love to de - clare, just there, In the gap of the hedge at Kil -

mf *colla voc.*

- mare... 3. There's a day, and I wish it were
- mare...

here!..... Sure, the ve - ry best day of the year!..... I'll

then be a bride, With the boy at my side, Him that courted me down at Kil-mare, just there, In the

ad lib.
gap of the hedge at Kil - mare....

colla voce.

Come, take thy Harp.

THOMAS MOORE.
Slow.

J. L. MOLLOY.

1. Come, take thy harp, nor
2. Let me but see that

PIANO.

let us muse up - on the gath - 'ring ills we see; Oh! take thy harp, and
snow - y arm once more up - on the dear harp lie, And I will cease to

let me lose all thought of ill in hear - ing thee; Sing to me, love, —
dream of harm, will smile at fate if thou art nigh; Give me that strain

though death were near, thy song could make my soul for - get; Nay, nay, in pi - ty
of mourn - ful touch we used to love long, long a - go, Be - fore our hearts had

dry that tear, .. all may be well, be hap - py yet.
known as much as now, a - las! they bleed to know.

3. Sweet notes! they tell of for - mer peace, of all that look'd so

rap - t'rous then, Now with - er'd, lost— oh! pray thee cease, I can - not bear those

sounds a - gain. Art thou too, wretch - ed? yes, thou art! I see thy tears flow

fast with mine! Come, come to this de - vo - ted heart, 'tis breaking, but it

still is thine.

The girl I left behind me.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. The dames of France are
2. For she's as fair as

fond and free, And Flem - ish lips are will - ing, And soft the maids of
Shan - non's side, And pu - rer than its wa - ter, But she re - fus'd to

I - ta - ly, And Span - ish eyes are thrill - ing; Still, though I bask be -
be my bride Though ma - ny a year I sought her; Yet, since to France I

- neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my heart falls back to
sail'd a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me, That I pro - mis'd ne - ver

E - rin's Isle, To the girl I left be - hind me.
to gain - say The girl I left be - hind me.

3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My
4. For ne - ver shall my true love brave A

friends are rich and ma - ny, Or else, a - broad with you I'll roam, A
life of war and toil - ing, And ne - ver as a skulk - ing slave I'll

sol - dier stout as a - ny; If you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll
tread my na - tive soil on; But, were it free or to be freed, The

think you have re - sign'd me," My heart nigh broke when I an - swer'd, "No," To the
bat - tle's close would find me, To Ire - land bound, nor mes - sage need From the

girl I left be - hind me.
girl I left be - hind me.

Dear harp of my country.

AIR.—"NEW LANGOLEE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

1. Dear
2. Dear

PIANO. *p*

Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence* had
Harp of my Coun - try! fare - well to thy num - bers, This sweet wreath of song is the

pp

hung o'er thee long, When proud - ly my own Is - land Harp! I un-bound thee, And
last we shall twine; Go, sleep, with the sun - shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song! The warm lay of love, and the
touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the "Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni," in Miss Brook's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

light note of glad - ness, A - wa - ken thy fond - est, thy
sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

live - li - est thrill; But so oft hast thou e - choed the
glo - ry a - lone; I was but as the wind, pass - ing

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will
heed - less - ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet - ness I

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

steal from thee still.
wak'd was thy own!

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

I'm a poor Irish girl.

WALTER MAYNARD.

Larghetto.

PIANO.

1. I'm a poor I-rish girl, Far,
2. Oft I dream of my home, And

far from my home, With no one to guide me Wher-e'er I may roam. Far from kindred and friends I
dream-ing I see my parents' dear fa-ces Still smil-ing on me: In their pres-ence a-gain A

wan-der a-lone, And sigh for the bright days Now van-ish'd and gone! All a-round me is strange, No
child I then seem, And can-not on wak-ing Be-lieve'twas a dream! No! 'tis thus they re-call The

kind voice I hear, A fond word say ev-er, My sad heart to cheer: "Ah! the poor I-rish girl, Is
joy of their love; And come down as an-gels From Heaven a-bove. Ah! the poor I-rish girl, Though

far from her home, With no one to guide her Where'er she may roam."
far from her home, Is guard-ed by an-gels Where'er she may roam.

Smile, my Kathleen, pray.

J. OXENFORD.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

p e leggiero.

1. Still
2. Some

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C major, 4/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment. The middle staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic and a tempo marking of 'p e leggiero'. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bottom staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

smile, my dear, A frown or tear Would mar that cheerful face, Where all but joy, Without al-loy, seems
cares to all Must sure-ly fall, But oh, a face like thine Is made to bless E'en wretchedness, For-

p

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the start of the piano part.

strangely out of place. The heaviest dream that night can bring Will van-ish with the day; In
- bids us to re-pine; If all a-round is black as night, Thy glance is as the day, The

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

win-ter think of com-ing spring, And smile, my Kathleen, pray, In win-ter think of com-ing spring, And
world beneath that smile grows bright, Oh smile, my Kathleen, pray, The world beneath that smile grows bright, Oh

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

riten.

smile, my Kathleen, pray.
smile, my Kathleen, pray.

colla voce. *p e leggiero.*

The final line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern. A 'riten.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the first staff. The piano part has a 'colla voce.' (in time with the voice) marking and a 'p e leggiero' dynamic marking. The piece ends with a final chord in the piano part.

While gazing on the moon's light.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"OONAGH."

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mo - ment from her
2. The day had sunk in dim show'rs, But mid - night now with

smile I turn'd, To look at orbs that more bright, In lone and dis - tant
lus - tre meet, Il - lu - min'd all the pale flow'rs, Like hope up - on a

glo - ry burn'd. But too..... far Each proud star, For me to feel its
mourn - er's cheek. I said.....(while The moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in

warm - ing flame; Much more dear That mild... sphere, Which near our pla - net
dimp - ling bliss,) "The moon looks On ma - ny brooks, The brook can see no

smil - ing came; Thus, Ma - ry, be but thou my own; While bright - er eyes un -
moon but this;" And thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For ma - ny a lo - ver

- heed - ed play, I'll love those moon - light looks a - lone, That
looks to thee, While oh! I feel there is but one, One

bless my home and guide my way.
Ma - ry in the world for me.

The Rakes of Mallow.

Allegretto.

1. Beau-ing, belle-ing,
2. One time nought but

PIANO, *mf* *p*

danc-ing, drink-ing, Break-ing win-dows, curs-ing, sink-ing, E-ver rak-ing,
cla-ret drink-ing, Then like po-li-ti-cians, think-ing To raise the "sink-ing

nev-er think-ing, Live the Rakes of Mal-low; Spend-ing fast-er than it comes,
funds" when sink-ing, Live the Rakes of Mal-low. When at home, with da-da dy-ing,

cresc. *sf* *mf*

Beat-ing wait-ers, bai-liffs, duns, Bac-chus' true-be-got-ten sons, Live the Rakes of
Still for Mal-low, wa-ter cry-ing; But, where there's good cla-ret ply-ing, Live the Rakes of

sf

Mal-low.
Mal-low.

3. Rack-ing ten-ants,

stew-ards teas-ing, Swift-ly spend-ing, slow-ly rais-ing, Wish-ing to spend

all their days in Rak-ing as at Mal-low. Then to end this rak-ing life,

They get so-ber, Take a wife, Ev-er af-ter live in strife, And wish a-gain for

Mal-low.

When thro' life unblest we rove.

AIR.—"BANKS OF BANNA."

THOMAS MOORE.
Andantino.

1. When thro' life un -
2. Like the gale that

PIANO. *p* *mf* *pe legato.*

- blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear, Should some notes we
sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful

used to love, In days of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come
breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours. Fill'd with balm, the

breathes the strain! Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept; Kind - ling for - mer
gale sighs on, Though the flow'rs have sunk in death; So, when plea - sure's

smiles a - gain, In fad - ed eyes that long have wept.
dream is gone, It's mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

mf

3. Mu - sic! oh how faint, how faint, Language fades be - fore thy spell! Why should feel - ing

p e legato.

ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friend - ship's balm - y

words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly

Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray.

My bonny Cuckoo.

Andante.

1. My bon-ny cuc-koo, I
2. The ash and the ha-zel shall

PIANO. *p* *p* *pp* *p*

tell you true, That through the groves I'll rove with you: I'll rove with you un-
mourn-ing say, My bon-ny cuc-koo, don't go a-way, Don't go a-way, but

- til the next spring, And then my cuc-koo shall sweet-ly sing, I'll rove with you un-
tar-ry here, And make the sea-son last all the year, Don't go a-way, but

- til the next spring, And then my cuc-koo shall sweetly sing.
tar-ry here, And make the season last all the year.

p *pp*

Oh! had we some bright little isle.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"SHEELA NA GUIRA."

Moderato, scherzando.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Oh! had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *dim.*, *ten.*, and *p delicato.*. Pedal points are indicated with 'Ped.' and asterisks at the end of the line.

blue sum-mer o - cean, far off and a - lone; Where a leaf ne - ver dies in the

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *staccato.* marking and pedal points indicated with 'Ped.' and asterisks.

still blooming bow'rs, And the bee ban - quets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs. Where the

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a lively, rhythmic accompaniment with pedal points indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

ad lib.

sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the night on - ly draws a thin
tr....

p *colla voce.*

ad lib. *tempo.*

veil o'er the day; Where sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, Is

colla voce. *tempo.*

ad lib.

worth the best joy that life else - where can give!

colla voce. *tempo, scherzando.* *p*

There, with souls e - ver

dim. *ten.* *p delicato.*

Ped. *

ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

time; The glow of the sun-shine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our

staccato

*

hearts, and make all sum-mer there! With af - fec - tion as free From de - cline as the

ad lib.

p *colla voce.*

bow'rs; And with Hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways on flow'rs; Our life should re

tr....

ad lib. *tempo.*

colla voce. *tempo.*

- sem - ble a long day of light, And our death come on ho - ly and

ad lib.

calm as the night!

colla voce. *> > f>* *sf* *f* *sf*

One bumper at parting.

Air.—"MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

1. One bum-per at part-ing! tho'ma-ny Have cir-cled the board since we met, The

full-est, the sad-dest of a-ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

sweet-ness that plea-sure hath in it Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That

sel-dom, a-las, till the min-ute It dies, do we know half its worth. But

come— may our life's hap - py mea - sure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

2. As
3. We

on - ward we jour - ney, how plea - sant To pause and in - hab - it a - while, Those
saw how the sun look'd in sink - ing, The wa - ters be - neath him how bright; And

few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But
now, let our fare - well of drink - ing, Re - sem - ble that fare - well of light. You

Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Ories "On - ward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah,
saw how he fin - ish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim— So,

ne - ver doth Time tra - vel fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But
fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

come— may our life's hap - py mea - sure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're
oh! may our life's hap - py mea - sure Of mo - ments like this be made up; 'Twas

born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, It dies 'midst the tears of the cup.

f *p* *f*

Fill the bumper fair.

Air.—"BOB AND JOAN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegro con spirito.

staccato.

PIANO. *f* *Con energia.* *sf* *sf* *sf* *p*

1. Fill the bump - er fair, Ev' - ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care
2. Sa - ges can, they say, Grasp the light-ning's pin - ions, And bringdown its ray

Smooths a - way a wrin - kle. Wit's e - lec - tric flame Ne'er so swift - ly pass - es,
From the starr'd do - min - ions: So, we sa - ges, sit, And 'mid bump - ers bright'ning,

cresc.

As when thro' the frame It shoots from brimming glass - es. Fill the bump - er fair,
From the heav'n of Wit Draw down all its lightning. Wouldst thou know what first

f *dim.* *p*

Ev' - ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care smooths a - way a wrin - kle.
Made our souls in - he - rit This en - no - bling thirst For wine's ce - les - tial spi - rit?

p *ten.*

3. It chanc'd up-on that day,

f > > > > *sf sf sf p staccato.*

When, as bards in-form us, Pro-me-theus stole a-way The liv-ing fires that warm us: The

care-less Youth, when up, To Glo-ry's fount as-pi-ring, Took nor urn nor cup To

cresc. f dim.

hide the pil-fer'd fire in: But oh his joy! when, round The halls of hea-ven spy-ing, A-

p

-mong the stars he found A bowl of Bac-chus ly-ing.

> ten. f > > > >

4. Some drops were in that bowl, Re-mains of last night's pleasure, With

which the sparks of Soul Mix'd their burn-ing trea-sure. Hence the gob-let's show'r

Hath such spells to win us, Hence its migh-ty pow'r O'er that flame with-in us.

Fill the bump-er fair, Ev'-ry drop we sprin-kle, O'er the brow of Care,

Smooths a-way a wrin-kle.

The young May moon

AIR.—"THE DANDY O!"

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

p

1. The
2. Now

young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How
all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment

dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'n's look bright, my dear, 'Tis
 peep - ing, love! Then a - wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The

f

ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
 Sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch - ing the flight Of

ad lib.

colla voce.

length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
 bo - dies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

Tempo.

p

p

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore.

THOMAS MOORE

AIR.—"THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

1. By that lake, whose gloomy shore Sky-lark
2. 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—Eyes of

nev - er war - bles o'er, Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint
most un - ho - ly blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him

Ke - vin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calm - ly said, "Wo - man
hers, nor thought it wrong. Where - so - e'er the Saint would fly, Still he

ne'er shall find my bed." Ah, the good Saint lit - tle knew What the
heard her light foot nigh; East or west, wher - e'er he turn'd, Still her

wi - ly sex can do, Ah, the good Saint lit - tle knew What the
eyes be - fore him burn'd, East or west, where 'er he turn'd, Still her

mf

wi - ly sex can do..... 3. On the
eyes be - fore him burn'd... 4. Fear-less

f *p*

bold cliffs bo - som cast, Tran - quil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of
she had track'd his feet To this rock - y, wild re - treat; And when

heav'n, nor thinks that e'er Wo - man's smile can haunt him there. But nor
morn - ing met his view, Her mild glanc - es met it too, Ah! your

earth, nor heav'n is free From her pow'r, if fond she be: Ev - en
Saints have cru - el hearts! Stern - ly from his bed he starts, And with

now, while calm he sleeps, Kath - leen o'er him leans and weeps, Ev - en
rude, re - pul - sive shock, Hurls her from the beet - ling rock, And with

now, while calm he sleeps, Kath - leen o'er him leans and weeps.
rude, re - pul - sive shock, Hurls her from the beet - ling rock.

3. Glen-dalough! thy gloomy wave Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave! Soon the

Saint (yet ah! too late) Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate. When he

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a right hand with a half note G4 and a left hand with a half note G3. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

said, "Heav'n rest her soul!" Round the Lake light mu - sic stole, And her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G4 in the right hand and a half note G3 in the left hand. The key signature remains one sharp.

ghost was seen to glide, Smil - ing, o'er the fa - tal tide! And her

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G4 in the right hand and a half note G3 in the left hand. A mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking is present in the piano part. The key signature remains one sharp.

ghost was seen to glide, Smil-ing, o'er the fa - tal tide!

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G4 in the right hand and a half note G3 in the left hand. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present in the piano part. The key signature remains one sharp.

This life is all chequer'd.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES."

Tempo moderato.

1. This
2. When

PIANO. *p* *f*

life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes, That chase one a - no-ther like waves of the deep, Each
Hy-las was sent with his urn to the front, Thro' fields full of light with heart full of play, Light

p

bright-ly, or dark-ly, as on-ward it flows, Re - flect-ing our eyes as they spar-kle or weep. So
ram-bled the boy - - ver mea-dow and mount, And ne-glect-ed his task for the flow'rs on the way. Thus

close-ly our whims on our mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is a-wak'd e'er the tear can be dried; And as
ma - ny, like me, who in youth should have tast - ed The fountain that runs by Phi - lo-sophy's shrine, Their

p

fast as the rain-drop of Pi-ty is shed, The goose-plumage of Fol-ly can turn it a-side. But time with the flow'rs on the mar-gin have wasted, And left their light urns all as emp-ty as mine. But

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

pledge me the cup—if ex - is-tence would cloy, With hearts e-ver hap-py, and heads e-ver wise, Be pledge me the gob-let—while I - dle-ness weaves These flow'rets to-geth-er, should Wisdom but see One

The second system continues the musical score. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the beginning of the lower staves.

ours the light Sor-row, half sis - ter to Joy, And the light bril-liant Fol - ly that bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves From her foun-tain di - vine, 'tis suf -

The third system of the musical score follows. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

flash-es and dies.
- fi - cient for me.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *mf* and a crescendo leading to a final *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE OLD WOMAN."

Allegretto.

1. Oh! the days are gone when

PIANO. *p*

beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn 'till night, Was

p

love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er

mf *p* *ten.*

beam, But there's no - thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's

p

no-thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

riten. *colla voce.* *mf*

2. Tho' the bard to pu - rer fame may soar, When wild youth's
3. No! that hal - low'd form is ne'er for-got, Which first - love

past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be-fore, To smile at last; He'll
trac'd: Still it lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem' - ry's waste! 'Twas

ne - ver meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to
o - dour fled As soon as shed; 'Twas morn-ing's wing - ed dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can

wo - man's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev' - ry close, she blush'd to hear The
shine a - gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

one lov'd name!...
life's dull stream!..

colla voce.

mf

Fly not yet.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"PLANXTY KELLY."

Allegretto. *rall. un poco.*

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

1. Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour When plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r That
2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Am - mon's shade, Tho'

p

scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night And
i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To

maids who love the moon... 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That beau - ty and the
burn when night was near.... And thus should wo - man's hearts and looks At noon be cold as

moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing, Set the tides and
win - ter brooks, Nor kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial

ad lib. *Tempo*
gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay! Oh, stay! Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like
hour for burn - ing. Oh! stay! Oh, stay! When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

colla voce. *mf*

ad lib.
this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.... Oh, stay!
find such beam-ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here?... Oh, stay!

p colla voce.

Oh, stay! Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain, Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain To
Oh, - stay! When did morn - ing ev - er break, And find such beam-ing eyes a - wake As

mf

break its links so soon.
those that spar - kle here?

f sf sf sf sf

They may rail at this life.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE."

Moderato con espress.

1. They may
2. In

PIANO. *mf*

rail at this life—from the hour I be - gan it I found it a life full of
Mer - cu - ry's star, where each mo - ment can bring them New sun - shine and wit from the

kind-ness and bliss, And un - til they can show me some hap - pi - er pla - net, More
foun-tain on high, Tho' the nymphs may have liv - li - er po - ets to sing them, They've

so - cial and bright, I'll con - tent me with this. As long as the world has such
none, ev - en there, more en - a - mour'd than I. And as long as this harp can be

lips and such eyes As be - fore me this mo - ment en - rap - tur'd I see, They may
wa - ken'd to love, And that eye its di - vine in - spir - a - tion shall be, They may

say what they will of their orbs in the skies, But this earth is the pla - net for
talk as they will of their E - dens a - bove, But this earth is the pla - net for

you, love, and me. 3. In that
you, love, and me. 4. As for

star of the west, by whose sha - dow - y splen - dour At twi - light so of - ten we've
those chil - ly orbs on the verge of cre - a - tion, Where sun - shine and smiles must be

roam'd thro' the dew, There are maid-ens, per-haps who have bo-soms as ten-der, And
e-qual-ly rare Did they want a sup-ply of cold hearts for that sta-tion, Heav'n

look in their twi-lights as love-ly as you. But tho' they were ev-en more
knows we have plen-ty on earth we could spare. Oh! think what a world we should

bright than the queen Of that isle they in-ha-bit In hea-ven's blue sea, As I
have of it here, If the ha-ters of peace, of af-fec-tion, and glee, Were to

ne-ver those fair young ce-les-tials have seen, Why, this earth is the pla-net for
fly up to Sa-turn's com-fort-less sphere, And leave earth to such spi-rits as

you, love, and me.
you, love, and me.

To Ladies' eyes.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"FAGUE A BALLAGH."

Allegretto moderato.

1. To
2. Some

PIANO. *f*

La-dies' eyes a-round, boy, We can't re-fuse, we can't re-fuse, Tho' bright eyes so a-looks there are so ho-ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As shi-ning bea-cons

- bound, boy, 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose. For thick as stars that light-en You soie-ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n: While some, oh! ne'er be-lieve them. With

air-y bow'rs, yon air-y bow'rs, The count-less eyes that bright-en This earth of ours, this tempt-ing ray, with tempt-ing ray, Would lead us (God for-give them!) The o-ther way, the

CHORUS.

earth of ours. } But fill the cup! wher-e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
o - ther way.}

f

lento.

sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all, so drink them all!

colla voce.

3. In

some as in a mir - ror, Love seems pourtray'd, love seems pourtray'd, But shun the flat-t'ring

er - ror, 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade. Him-self has fix'd his dwell - ing In

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "er - ror, 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade. Him-self has fix'd his dwell - ing In".

eyes we know, in eyes we know, And lips—but this is tell - ing—So here they go, so

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "eyes we know, in eyes we know, And lips—but this is tell - ing—So here they go, so".

CHORUS.

here they go! Fill up, fill up! wher-e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

The third system is the beginning of the chorus. It features a more rhythmic piano accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are: "here they go! Fill up, fill up! wher-e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're".

lento.

sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

The fourth system continues the chorus with a slower tempo. The lyrics are: "sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!".

colla voce.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!".

Has sorrow thy young days shaded?

AIR.—"SLY PATRICK."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

PIANO. *p Con espress.*

1. Has
2. Has

sor - row thy young days sha - ded, As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet?..... Too
Love to that soul so ten - der, Been like our La - ge - nian mine,..... Where

pp

fast have those young days fa - ded, That, e - ven in sor-row, were sweet?..... Does
spark - les of gold - en splen - dour All o - ver the sur-face.... shine?..... But

Time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear?.... Then,
if in pur-suit we go deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone,.... Ah!

child of mis-for-tune, come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear....
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like Love, the bright ore is gone....

pp *p con espress.*

3. Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry, That
4. If thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When

p *pp*

flit - ted from tree to tree,..... With the ta - lis-man's glitter-ing glo - ry— Has
sor - row it - self look'd bright; If thus the fair hope hath cheat - ed, That

pp

Hope been that bird to thee?..... On branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The
led thee a - long so light;..... If thus the cold world now wi - ther Each

gem did she still dis - play, And, when near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then
feel - ing that once was dear:.... Come, child of mis - fortune, come hi - ther, I'll

pp

waft the fair gem a - way?....
weep with thee tear for tear.

p con espress. *p*

It is not the tear at this moment shed.

AIR.—"THE SIXPENCE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

PIANO.

mf *pp*

1. It
2. Thus his

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and transitions to piano-piano (*pp*) later in the system. The vocal line has two versions: '1. It' and '2. Thus his'.

is..... not the tear at this mo - ment shed, When the
me - mo - ry, like some ho - ly light, Kept a -

p

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'is..... not the tear at this mo - ment shed, When the me - mo - ry, like some ho - ly light, Kept a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the vocal line.

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the
- live in our hearts, will im - prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the - live in our hearts, will im - prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the vocal line.

friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de -
truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the vocal line.

- plore him. 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a long day wept, 'Tis
love them. And, as fresh - er flow - ers the sod per - fume Where

life's whole path o'er - sha - ded; 'Tis the one... re - mem - brance
bur - ied saints are ly - ing, So our hearts shall bor - row a

fond - ly kept, When all light - - er griefs..... have
sweet - 'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in

riten.
con espress. *colla voce.*

fa - ded.
dy - ing!

mf *pp*

St. Senanus and the Lady.

AIR.—"THE BROWN THORN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Moderato. *mf* *dim.*

PIANO.

S. S. 1. "Oh! haste and leave this sa-cred isle, Un-ho-ly bark, ere morn-ing
LADY. 2. "Oh! Fa-ther, send not hence my bark, Thro' win-try winds and bil-lows

smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A fe-male form I
dark: I come with hum-ble heart to share Thy morn and eve - - ning

see; And I have sworn this saint-ed sod Shall ne'er by wo-man's feet be
pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho-ly Saint, The brightness of thy sod to

trod."
taint."

dim.

3. The La-dy's pray'r Se-na-nus spurn'd; The winds blew fresh, the bark re-

- turn'd; But le-gends hint that had the maid Till morn-ing's light de-

- lay'd, And giv'n the saint one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left his lone-ly

isle.

dim.

rall.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.

AIR.—"JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Allegro moderato.

1. Oh!
2. The

PIANO. *f*

think not my spi - rits are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they
thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows! If it were not with friend-ship and

p

seem to you now; Nor ex - pect that the heart-beam - ing smile of to - night Will re -
love in - ter-twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

- turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No; life is a waste of the
bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have lov'd the

sosten.

wea - ri - some hours Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

heart that is soon-est a - wake to the flow-ers, Is al - ways the first to be
heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se - cu - rest, Is hap - py in - deed if 'twas

f
touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while:— May we
ne - ver de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl: while a re - lic of truth Is in

ne - ver meet worse, in our pil - grim - age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may
man or in wo - man, this pray'r shall be mine,—That the sun - shine of love may il -

ad lib.
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.
- lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend-ship con - sole our de - cline.
colla voce.

f

You remember Ellen.

AIR.—“WERE I A CLERK.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

1. You re - mem - ber El - len, our

espress.

p

p delicato.

PIANO.

hamlet's pride, How meek - ly she bless'd her hum - ble lot, When the stran - ger, William, had

made her his bride, And love was the light of their low - ly cot. To - ge - ther they toil'd thro'

ad lib.

colla voce.

legato e p

winds and rains, Till Wil - liam at length in sad - ness said, "We must seek our fortunes on

espress.

cresc.

o - ther plains;" Then, sigh-ing she left her low - ly shed. *espress.*

pp
colla voce.

p

Ped. *

2. They roam'd a long and a wea - ry way, Nor much was the maid-en's

p delicato.

heart at ease, When now, at close of one stor-my day, They see a proud cas-tle a -

colla voce.

ad lib.

- mong the trees. "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shel-ter there; The wind blows cold, the

legato e p *espress.*

ad lib.

hour is late;" So he blew the horn with a chief-tain's air, And the Por-ter bow'd as they

cresc. *dim.* *colla voce.* *pp*

Ped. *

pass'd the gate. *espress.* 3. "Now wel-come, la-dy!" ex -

f *p* *delicato.*

- claim'd the youth, "This cas-tle is thine, and these dark woods all!" She be-liev'd him craz'd, but

ad lib.

his words were truth, For El-len is La-dy of Ros-na Hall! And dear-ly the Lord of

colla voce. *legato e p*

Ros-na loves What Wil-liam the stran-ger woo'd and wed; And the light of bliss, in these

espress. *cresc.*

lord-ly groves, Shines pure as it did in the low-ly shed.

dim. *colla voce. pp*

Pod *

At eve I wander'd by the shore.

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WALTER. MAYNARD.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. At
2. Then

eve I wan - der'd by the shore And watch'd the tide come in, More
from the rock - y steep a - far, Shone out the bea - con light,

heard the dis - tant break - er roar, With hoarse, re - sound - ing din; While
bright - ly shin - ing like a star, As dark - er grew the night! With

on - ward came the flow - ing tide, Night's sha - dows fell a - round; En - shrouding all the
con - stant, stea - dy ray it gleam'd, Re - splen - dent o'er the sea; And through the gloom - y

o - cean wide, In mys - tic gloom pro - found.
dark - ness seem'd, A star of hope to be.

Kathleen O'More.

GEORGE N. REYNOLDS.

Old Melody.

Tempo moderato.

PIANO.

1. My
2. Her

love, still I think that I see her once more, But, a - las! she has left me her
hair glos - sy black, her eyes were dark blue, Her co - lour still chang-ing, her

loss to de - plore; My own lit - tle Kath-leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, My
smiles ev - er new, So pret - ty was Kath-leen, my sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, My

ad lib.
Kath - leen O' - Moore!
Kath - leen O' - Moore!

ad lib. *dim.*

milk'd the dun cow, that ne'er of - fer'd to stir; Though wick - ed to all, it was
sat at the door, One cold af - ter - noon, To hear the wind blow, and to

gen - tle to her, So kind was my Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, My
gaze on the moon, So pen - sive was Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, My

p

ad lib.
Kath - leen O' - Moore!
Kath - leen O' - Moore!

5. Oh,
6. The

ad lib. *dim.*

cold was the night wind that sigh'd round her bow'r, It chill'd my poor Kath-leen, she
bird of all birds that I love the best, Is the ro - bin, that in the church -

p

droop'd from that hour; And I lost my poor Kath-leen, my own lit - tle Kath-leen, My
- yard builds his nest, For he seems to watch Kath-leen, hops light - ly o'er Kath-leen, My

p

ad lib.
Kath - leen O' - Moore!
Kath - leen O' - Moore!

ad lib. *dim.*

It was on a fine summer's morning.

(THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

Allegretto.
p e leggiero.
PIANO.

1. It was on a fine summer's morn-ing, The birds sweetly tun'd on each bough, And

as I walk'd out for my plea-sure, I saw a maid milk-ing her cow; Her

voice so en-chant-ing, me-lo-dious, Left me quite un-a-ble to go, My

heart it was load-ed with sor-row, For Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.

ad lib.
p *colla voce.* *p*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics include 'p e leggiero', 'p', and 'ad lib.'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the tempo and dynamics markings. The second system begins with '1. It was on a fine summer's morn-ing, The birds sweetly tun'd on each bough, And'. The third system continues with 'as I walk'd out for my plea-sure, I saw a maid milk-ing her cow; Her'. The fourth system continues with 'voice so en-chant-ing, me-lo-dious, Left me quite un-a-ble to go, My'. The fifth system concludes with 'heart it was load-ed with sor-row, For Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.' and includes the 'ad lib.' marking and dynamic markings 'p' and 'colla voce.'.

2. Then to her I made my ad-van-ces; "Good
3. "The Indies af-ford no such jew-el, So

e leggiero.

p

mor-row, most beau-ti-ful maid, Your beau-ty my heart so en-tran-ces!—"Pray,
bright and tran-spa-rent-ly clear; Ah! do not add flame to my fu-el! Con-

p

sir, do not ban-ter," she said; "I'm not such a rare pre-cious jew-el, That
- sent but to love me, my dear. Ah! had I the lamp of A-lad-din, Or the

p

I-should e-na-mour you so, I am but a poor lit-tle milk-girl," Says
wealth of the Af-ri-can shore, I would ra-ther be poor in a cot-tage With

p

ad lib.

Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.
Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe."

colla voce.

p e leggiero.

Forget not the angels.

WALTER MAYNARD.

Old Melody.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

For -
2. With

get not that an - gels Are hov - 'ring a - round, And noise - less - ly
prays of the an - gels To hea - ven as - cend The sighs of the

pass - ing Un - seen - to and fro; . As soft - ly as mem - 'ries Our
wi - dow And fa - ther - less child; With their hymns im - mor - tal The

homes they sur - round, While watch and ward keep - ing O'er all here be -
fond vows will blend, De - ceit has not bro - ken Nor false - hood de -

low....
fil'd....

3. The

mf *dim.*

fair smiles of beau - ty That glad - den the earth; The voi - ces of

p.

chil-dren U - ni - ted in song; When souls pure and ho - ly Re -

- ceive re - new'd birth, Re - turn - ing to Hea - ven, To an - gels be -

b7

long ...

mf *dim.*

Though all bright flowers

AIR.—"THE GREEN BUSHES."

WALTER MAYNARD.

Andante.

1. Tho' all bright flow'rs must
2. Oft has that leaf been

PIANO. *mf* *p*

fade In this cold world of ours, Tho' dark clouds may o'er-shade Love's
found.... Crush'd ruth - less - ly to earth. When foe - men dealt a - round.... Dire

fair - est sum-mer bow'rs, There's one spot here be - low Where will be ev - er
deeds of death and dearth: Then strong - er would it grow In ra - diant pow'r a

seen, In sun-shine, storm, or snow, A leaf of em' - rald green.
- gain, And thus prove to the foe.... Op - pres - sion was in vain.

mf

3. Dear E - rin! type of

p

thee, Is thy own Sham - rock leaf; Peer-less in li - ber - ty, Peer-less

3

in joy or grief; If thou hast ev - er worn The dread op - pres - sor's

chain, He.... knew by thy mute scorn Thou would'st be free a -

3

- gain....

mf *dim.* *p*

I'm a poor stranger.

WALTER MAYNARD.

Old Melody.

In moderate time.

1. One cold win - ter
2. She came to our

PIANO *p dolce.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

morn - ing, De - ject - ed and pale, Too frail to en - coun - ter The
cot - tage And stood at the gate, We heard her de - plor - ing Her

sharp pier - cing gale, A fair maid - en wan - der'd All wear - ied and
pi - ti - ful fate, For oft she la - men - ted In sor - row - ful

lone, Sigh - ing "I'm a poor stran - ger And far from my own."
tone, Sigh - ing "I'm a poor stran - ger And far from my own."

dim. *p* *dolce.*

3. We in -

mf *dim.*

- vi - ted her in, We of - fer'd her share Of our hum - ble cot - tage And

p

our hum - ble fare, We bade her take com - fort, No lon - ger to

3

moan, And made the poor stran - ger Be one of our own.

dim. *p* *dolce.*

mf *dim.*

When cold in the earth.

AIR.—"LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION."

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante espressivo.

1. When cold in the
2. From thee and thy

PIANO. *dolce. p* *dim.* *pp* *p sempre legato.*

earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his faults and his fol-lies for
in - no - cent beau - ty first came The re - veal - ings that taught him true

- got by thee then; Or, if from their slum - ber the veil be... re -
love to a - dore,— To feel the bright pre - sence, and turn him... with

pp *p espress.*

- mov'd Weep o'er them in si - lence And close it a - gain. And
shame From the i - dols he blind - ly had knelt to be - fore. O'er the

espress. *pp*

oh! if 'tis pain to re - mem - ber how far From the path - ways of
waves of a life, long be - night - ed and wild, Thou can'st like a

p *f* *ten.* *cresc.*

Ped. *

light he was tempt - ed to roam, Be it bliss to re - mem - ber that
soft gold - en calm o'er the sea; And, if hap - pi - ness pure - ly, and

dim. *poco marcato.*

thou wert the star That a - rose on his dark - ness, and guid - ed him
glow - ing - ly smil'd On his ev - 'ning ho - ri - zon, the light was from

sotto voce.

p *Ped.* * *p dolce.* *Ped.* * *pp colla voce.*

home.
thee.

3. And tho', sometimes the

p *p sempre legato.*

shades of past fol - ly might rise, And tho' false - hood a - gain would al -

- lure him to. . . stray, He but turn'd to the glo - ry that dwelt in those

pp *p* *espress.*

eyes, And the fol - ly, the false-hood, soon van - ish'd a - way. As the

espress. *pp*

cresc.

Priests of the Sun, when their al - tar grew dim, At the day-beam a - lone could its

piu f *ten.* *cresc.* *dim.*

lus - tre re - pair, So, if vir - tue a mo - ment grew lan - guid in him, He but

sotto voce.

poco marcato. *p* *p dolce.*

Ped. *

ad lib.

flew to that smile, and re - kin - dled it there.

colla voce. *pp*

Ped. *

Come back to Erin.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato. *Sva.....*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a series of chords and moving lines. The left staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are placed below the left staff to indicate where to use the sustain pedal.

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part has a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line is in a single voice part. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines. The piano part is marked *p* (piano).

rit.

land of thy birth;..... Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way;..... Ri - ding the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',

colla voce.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The piano part continues with its accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *colla voce.* (colla voce).

And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth,
Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay.

f

The third system concludes the song. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The vocal line is marked *f* (forte). Pedal markings (Ped.) and asterisks (*) are placed below the piano part to indicate where to use the sustain pedal.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land, Lit - tle we thought of the
O but my heart sank when clouds came be - tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the

lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star - shine
rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,

animato.
O - ver the moun - tain, the Bluffs, and the Brays! Then come back to E - rin, Ma -
Far, far a - way where my col - leen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma -

- your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the
- your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the

rit. *cresc*

land of thy birth,..... Come back to E - rin, Ma -
 land of thy birth,..... Come back to E - rin, Ma -

molto cresc. *f*

- your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our
 - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our
Sva.....

mf Last time ff *Sva*.....

mirth.
 mirth.

3. O may the Angels, O wakin' and sleepin',
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
 And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keepin'
 Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
 When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
 Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
 Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.
 Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 Come back again to the land of thy birth,
 Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Killarney.

E. FALCONER.

M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells,
2. No place else can charm the eye

Em' - rald isles and..... wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and.....
With such bright and..... var - ied tints; Ev' - ry rock that.....

wood-land dells, Mem' - ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
you pass by Ver - dure broi - ders or be-springs.

Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev' - ry morn Spring's

pp

ev' - ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
na - tal day, Bright - hued ber - ries daff the snows,

rall. But her home is..... sure - ly..... there! An - gels fold their
Smil - ing win - ter's.... frown a - way. An - gels, of - ten

colla parte. *riten.* *pp a tempo.*

wings and rest In that E - den of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil -
paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil -

cresc.

- lar - - - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
 - lar - - - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.

f *mf* *cresc.* *f*

Innisfallen's ruin'd shrine
 May suggest a passing sigh,
 But man's faith can ne'er decline
 Such God-wonders floating by.
 Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
 Mountains Tore and Eagles' nest,
 Still at Mucross you must pray,
 Though the monks are now at rest.
 Angels wonder not that man
 There would fain prolong life's span.
 Beauty's home, Killarney—
 Heav'n's reflex, Killarney.

Music there for echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony;
 Many-voiced the chorus swells
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below
 Seems the Heaven above to vie,
 All rich colours that we know
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of Angels so might shine
 Glancing back soft light divine,
 Beauty's home, Killarney—
 Heav'n's reflex, Killarney.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

F. N. CROUCH.

Andante e pensieroso.

PIANO.

mf

mf

ad lib.

mf

1. Kath - leen Ma - your - neen, the grey dawn is break-ing,..... The

horn of the hun - ter is heard..... on the hill; The

lark from her light wing the bright..... dew is shak - - ing,

Kath - leen..... Ma - vour - neen!..... what! slum - b'ring still!

Oh! hast thou for -
espressivo e legato.

- got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh, hast thou for -

- got - ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it

colla voce.

may be for ev - er, Oh, why..... art thou si - lent, Thou

p

voice of my heart? It may..... be for years, and it

cresc.

may be for ev - er,— Then why..... art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma -

- your - neen?

mf

2. Kath - leen Ma - your - neen, a - wake from thy slum - bers!..... The

mf

mf

blue moun-tains glow in..... the sun's gold-en light, Ah!

mf

where is the spell that once hung on thy num-bers? A -

- rise in thy beau-ty, thou star of my night, A -

- rise..... in thy beau-ty, thou star..... of my night. *Tempo 1mo.*

slentando.

mf con amore affetto.

Ma - your - neen, Ma - your-neen, my

rall. *pp*

f sad tears are fall-ing, To *mf* think that from E - rin and *fz* thee *mf* I must

part; It may *sempre legato.* be for years, and it may be for ev - er, — Then

pp

why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may..... be for

mf *semplice. mf*

years, and it may be for ev - er, — Then why..... art thou si - lent,

mf *mf* *mf* *rall.*

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

diminuendo e piano.

Barney O'Hea.

Words and Music by SAMUEL LOVER.

Moderato con spirito.

PIANO.

1. Now let me a - lone, though I know you won't, I
 2. I hope you're not go - ing to Ban - don Fair, to

know you won't, I know you won't, — Let me a - lone, though I
 Ban - don Fair, to Ban - don Fair, For in - deed I'm not want - ing to

rall.

know you won't, Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea.
meet you there, Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea.

rall. colla voce

rall.

It makes me out - ra - geous When you're so con - ta - gious, And you'd
For Cor - ny's at Cork, And my bro - ther's at work, And my

colla voce.
2nd verse.

espress.

bet - ter look out for the stout Cor - ny Creagh, For he is the boy That be -
mo - ther sits spin - ning at home all the day; So no one will be there Of poor

rall.

- lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet - ter be - have your - self, Barn - ey O' Hea,
me to take care, - So I hope you won't fol - low me, Barn - ey O' Hea,

rall. colla voce.

a tempo.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with the lyrics 'Hea!.....' and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey,
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey,

None of your blar - ney,
None of your blar - ney,

a tempo.

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea!
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea!

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O'
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O'

Hea!.....
Hea!.....

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,
Just who do you think that myself should meet
But impudent Barney O'Hea!
He said I looked killin'—
I called him a villain,
And bid him, that minute, get out of my way;
He said I was joking,
And grinned so provoking,
I couldn't help laughing with Barney O'Hea.
Impudent Barney,
He has the blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,
For he is the rogue up to every wile,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
He coaxed me to chuse him,
For if I'd refuse him,
He swore he'd kill Corny the very next day;
So for fear 'twould go further,
And just to save murther,
I think I must marry that madcap O'Hea.
Bothering Barney,
'Tis he has the blarney
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

Eily Mavourneen.

J. BENEDICT.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO.

f *dim.*

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante espressivo'. It consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G, then a triplet of eighth notes G, A, B, and finally a triplet of eighth notes C, D, E. The left hand begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G, then a triplet of eighth notes G, A, B, and finally a triplet of eighth notes C, D, E. The piece ends with a diminuendo.

1. Ei - ly Ma-vour - neen, I see thee be-fore me,
 2. Once would my heart with the wild - est e-mo - tion

p

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) has a whole rest in the first measure, then quarter notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part is marked 'p' (piano).

Fair - er than ev - er, with death's pal - lid hue;..... Mor - tal thou art not, I
 Throb, dear - est Ei - ly, when near me wert thou;..... Now I re-gard thee with

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The piano part has a crescendo marking.

hum - bly a-dore thee, Yea, with a love which thou know-est is true.
 deep calm de - vo - tion, Ne-ver, bright an - gel, I lov'd thee as now.

cresc.

cresc.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The piano part has a crescendo marking.

Look'st thou in an - ger—ah, no such a feel - ing Ne'er in thy too gen - tle
Though in this world were so cru - el - ly blight - ed All the fond hopes of thy

heart had a place;..... Soft ly the smile of for -
in - no - cent heart,..... Soon in a ho - li - er

- give - ness is steal - ing, Ei - ly, my own, o'er thy
re - glon u - ni - ted, Ei - ly Ma - vour - neen, we

un poco stringendo.

cresc. beau - ti - ful face. Soft - ly the smile of for -
ne - ver shall part. Soon in a ho - li - er

cresc.

f *dim. e rall.* *dim.*

- give - ness is steal - ing, Ei - ly, my own, o'er thy beau - ti - ful face.
 re - gion u - ni - ted, Ei - ly Ma - vour - neen, we ne - ver shall part.

calando.

Completion of 2nd verse.

Soon in a ho - li - er re - gion u - ni - ted,

p

rall. assai.

Ei - ly Ma - vour - neen, we ne - - ver shall

rall. assai.

part.....

pp

What will you do, Love?

SAMUEL LOVER.

Andante, con espressione.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 3/4 time, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C. The left hand plays a bass line with a half note G, followed by quarter notes F, E, and D. The tempo is marked 'Andante, con espressione'.

1. "What will you do, love, when I am
2. "What would you do, love, if dis-tant

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G, then quarter notes A, B, and C. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line as the introduction.

go - ing, With white sail flow - ing, the seas be - yond? What will you do, love, when waves di -
ti - dings Thy fond con - fi - dings should un - der - mine; And I, a - bi - ding 'neath sul - try

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D, E, and F, followed by a half note G. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line.

rall.

- vide us, And friends may chide us for be - ing fond?" "Tho' waves di -
skies, Should think 'o - ther eyes were as bright as thine?" "Oh! name it

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G, A, and B, followed by a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line. The tempo is marked 'rall.'.

vide us and friends be chi - ding, In faith a - bi - ding I'll still be true, And I'll pray for
not!— tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name— I'd still be true! But that heart of

thee on the stor - my o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion—that's what I'll
thine,— should an - oth - er share it, I could not bear it— what would I

do!"
do?"

Last time.

sf *p* *rall.*

3. "What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—ah, what would you do?"
- "So thou wert spared I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow, that left me you!
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow—*that's* what I'd do!"

The Irish Emigrant.

LADY DUFFERIN.

G. BARKER.

Andante.

PIANO.

*Joyously.**ritard.*

1. I'm sit - ting by the stile, Ma - ry, where we sat side by side, On a

bright May morning long a-go, when first you were my bride. The corn was springing fresh and green, and the

lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Ma - ry, and the love-light in your eye.

The place is little chang'd, Mary, the day is bright as then, The

*f**p*

ritard. *a tempo.*

lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green a-gain; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and the

ritard. *p a tempo.*

breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list'ning to the words you ne-ver more may speak, you

ne-ver more may speak, 2. I'm

f

With mournful expression, and a little slower. *with enthusiasm.*

ve - ry lone-ly now, Ma-ry, for the poor make no new friends, But oh! they love the better still the

p

f *p ritard.*

few our Fa - ther sends; And you were all I had, Ma-ry, my bless-ing and my pride; There's

f *p*

ritard. *p*

no-thing left to care for now since my poor Ma-ry died.....

p *f*

slower.

I'm bidding you a long fare-well, my Ma-ry kind and true, But I'll

f *p a tempo.*

not for-get you, dar - lin', in the land I'm go - ing to. They

p

ad lib.

say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines al - ways there, But I'll

pp

With great force and enthusiasm. agitato.

ne'er for-get old Ire - land, were it fif - ty times as fair, were it fif - ty times as fair.....

ff

The Angel's Whisper.

SAMUEL LOVER.

PIANO.

Andante.

molto espressivo.

A

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G minor, C major, and E-flat major, marked 'Andante.' and ending with a fermata. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment marked 'molto espressivo.', featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

ba - by was sleep - ing, Its mo - ther was weep - ing, For her hus - band was far on the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are 'ba - by was sleep - ing, Its mo - ther was weep - ing, For her hus - band was far on the'. The music is in G minor, C major, and E-flat major.

wild rag - ing sea, And the tem - pest was swelling Round the fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she

ad lib.

f *cresc.* *colla voce.*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'wild rag - ing sea, And the tem - pest was swelling Round the fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she'. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'f' (forte) and 'cresc.' (crescendo), and the vocal part is marked 'ad lib.' (ad libitum) and 'colla voce.' (colla voce).

cried, "Der-mot, dar - ling, oh! come back to me." Her

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'cried, "Der-mot, dar - ling, oh! come back to me." Her'. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

heads while she num - ber'd, The ba - by still slum - ber'd, And smil'd in her face as she

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

bend - ed her knee: "Oh! bless'd be that warn - ing, My child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing, For I

colla voce.

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

know that the An - gels are whis - per - ing with thee. And

pp

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

while they are keep - ing Bright watch o'er thy sleep - ing, Oh, pray to them soft - ly, my

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

ad lib.

ba - by, with me: And say thou wouldst ra - ther They'd watch o'er thy fa - ther, For I

colla voce.

know that the An - gels are whis - per - ing with thee." The

pp

dawn of the morn - ing Saw Der - mot re - turn - ing, And the wife wept with joy her babe's

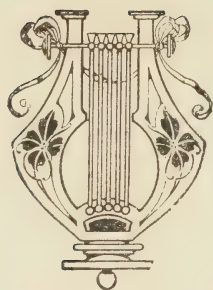
fa - ther to see, And, close - ly ca - ressing Her child with a bless - ing, Said "I

f

colla voce.

knew that the An - gels were whis - per - ing with thee."

pp



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